

NOVEMBER
23
1955

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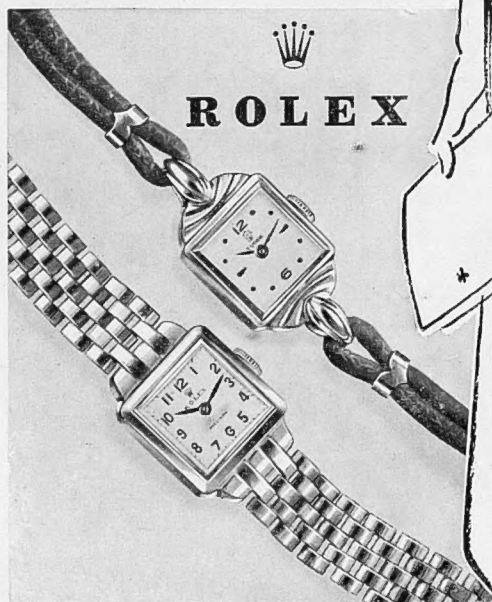
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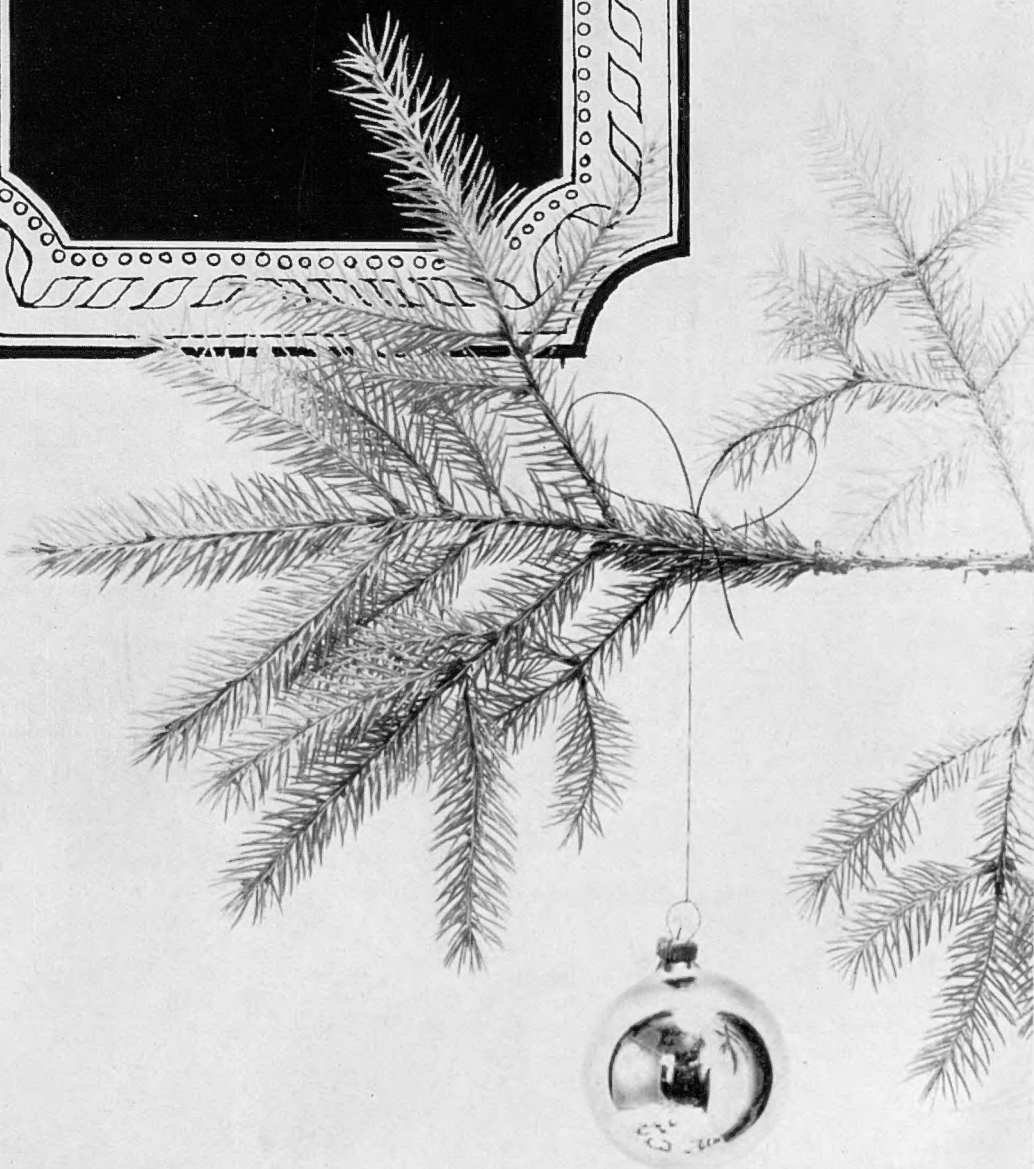
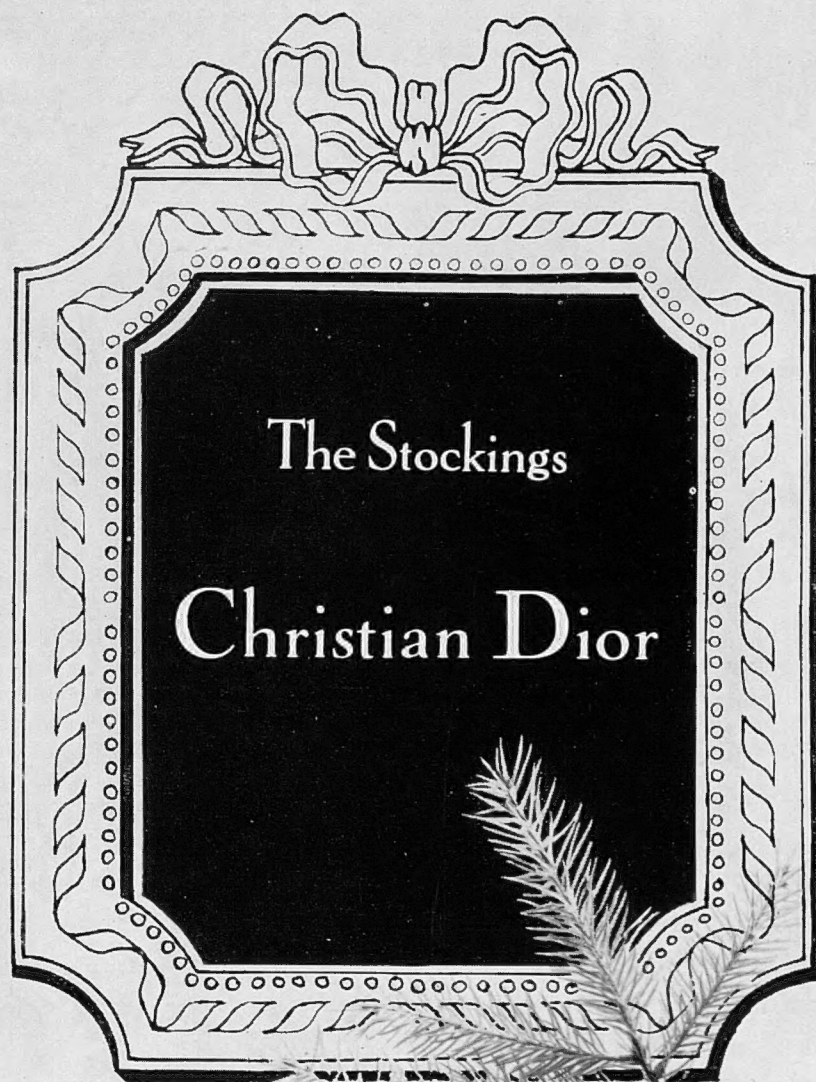
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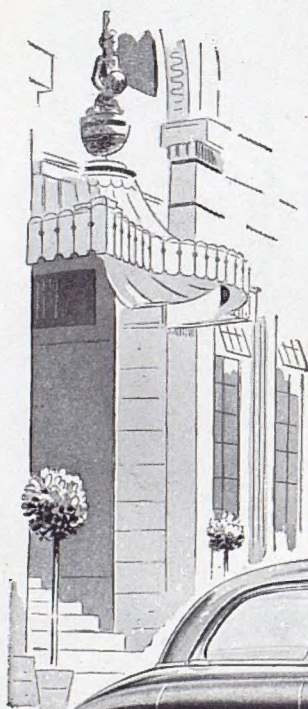




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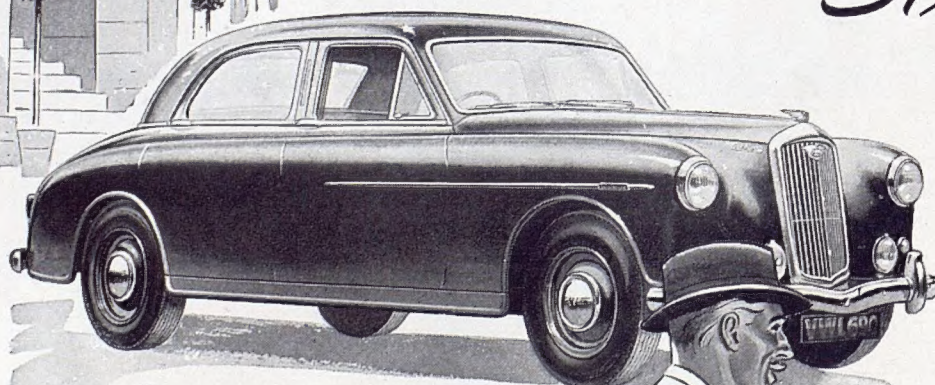
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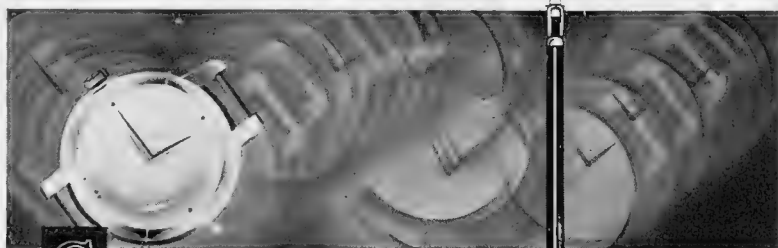
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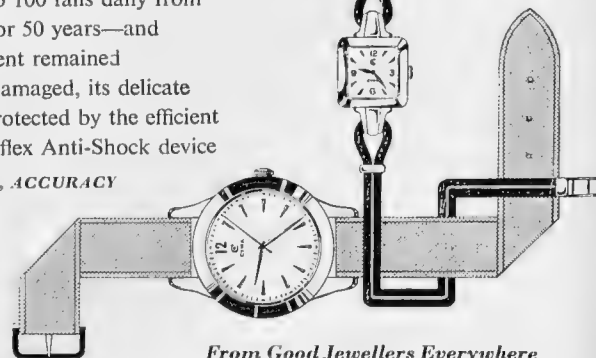


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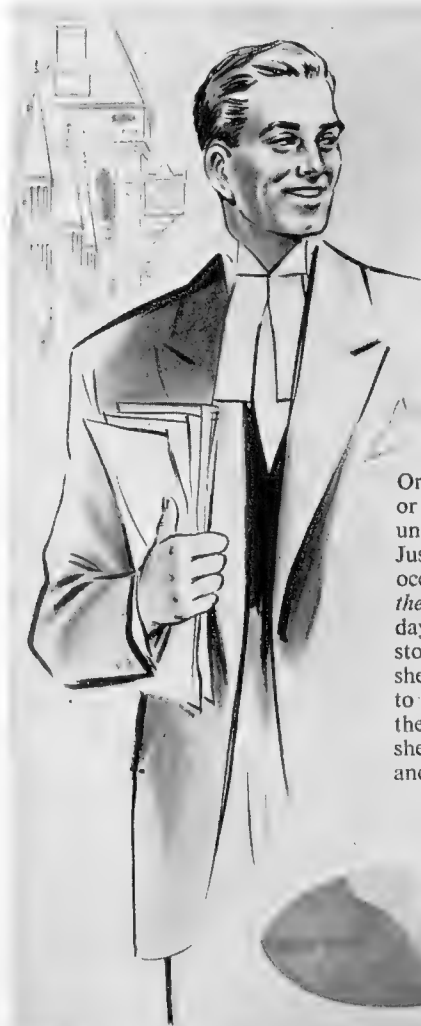
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Ask for them wherever
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Fully fashioned, of course, 6/11 to 18/11.



DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 23 to November 30



MISS ANNE ABEL SMITH with her favourite hunter Irish Dream on whom she hopes to have a good season with the Quorn, is photographed on the cover of The TATLER this week. She is the elder daughter of Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith and the granddaughter of H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. She is interested in all outdoor sports including riding, tennis, swimming and skiing. She usually goes to Zermatt at the end of the hunting season and spends most of the late summer and early autumn in Scotland shooting and fishing

Nov. 23 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends an evening reception in the Senate House of London University.
Christmas Cracker Bazaar at 45 Park Lane (two days).
Racing at Kempton Park (two days).
Association Football: Wales v. Austria, at Wrexham, Wales.

Nov. 24 (Thurs.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother installed as Chancellor of London University.
Prince Philip opens a playing field at Cleator Moor, Cumberland.
Dinner and ball in aid of West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club, at the Savoy Hotel.

Nov. 25 (Fri.) The Stonyhurst Ball, at Claridge's Hotel.
Cambridge University United Hunts Ball at the Pitt Club, Cambridge.
Lucifer Golfing Society Dinner, at the Savoy Hotel.
Dounhill Only Ski Club annual dinner and dance at the Savoy Hotel.
Old Raby Hunt Club Ball, at Raby Castle.
Racing at Lingfield Park (two days).

Nov. 26 (Sat.) Ice hockey: England v. Moscow, at Harringay.
Steeplechasing at Wetherby and Worcester.

Nov. 27 (Sun.) First B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert at the Royal Albert Hall.

Nov. 28 (Mon.) Tattersalls Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket (until Dec. 2).
Bridge Tournament and Christmas Fair, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., at the Dorchester (11 a.m. to 5 p.m.).
S O S Christmas Ball, at Grosvenor House.
Steeplechasing at Leicester (two days).

Nov. 29 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother dines with members of the Georgian Group, of which she is Patron, at Burlington House.

For Better For Worse presented by the Stock Exchange Dramatic Society at the Scala Theatre.

Nov. 30 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends the 290th anniversary festival dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, at Grosvenor House.
St. Andrew's Day celebrations at Eton College.
National Association of Training Corps for Girls "Ball Of The Future," at the May Fair Hotel.
Association Football: England v. Spain, at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex.
Steeplechasing at Liverpool (two days).

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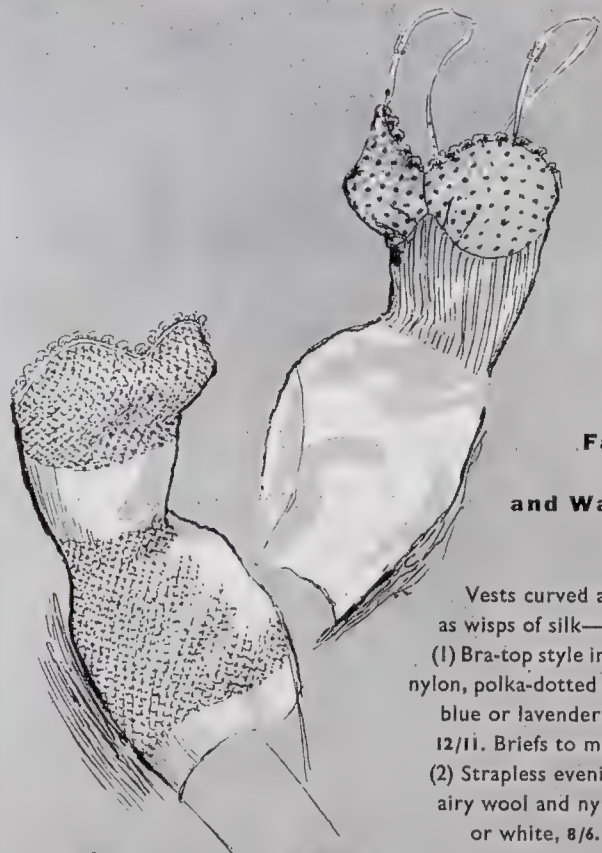
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Lenare

A beautiful diplomatic hostess in London

MADAME SCHREIBER, wife of H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Señor Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, K.B.E., whose beauty and charm have long established her as one of the most popular diplomatic hostesses in London. The association which she and her husband have with this

country dates back to 1949 when Señor Schreiber first became Peru's Ambassador in London. In 1952 he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, but returned to this country again last year as Ambassador, which delighted their many friends. They have two young sons who are both at school in England

THE HON. MRS. B. KELLY WITH HER ELDER SON

BEFORE her marriage in 1952, the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Kelly was the Hon. Mirabel Fitzalan-Howard, youngest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont. Her husband is the elder son of Sir David Kelly, G.C.M.G., a former Ambassador in Moscow, and Director of the British Council. Their elder son, Dominic, is two and a half years old, and the younger, Anthony, was born in March this year. The Kellys live in Thurloe Square



Eric Coop

Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL PREMIÈRE FOR PLAYING FIELDS

PRINCE PHILIP, President of the National Playing Fields Association, attended the world première of the film *Storm Over The Nile*. This took place at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, and raised the splendid sum of over £3,000 for the Association. *Storm Over The Nile* is a stirring film produced by Zoltan Korda, and adapted from A. E. W. Mason's novel *The Four Feathers*, with Anthony Steel, Laurence Harvey, James Robertson Justice and Mary Ure in the leading rôles.

Lord Luke, chairman of the Playing Fields Association, was there to receive Prince Philip, with Lady Luke who was chairman of the première committee. Others present included the Earl of Derby, who was honorary treasurer, the Countess of Derby, Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett, and Lady Crosfield, the latter wearing a fine parrure of emeralds, and diamonds. They were both vice-chairmen. Others in the big audience included Sir Alexander Korda, Lt.-Col. Murray-Lawes, chairman of the Kent Playing Fields Association, with Mrs. Murray-Lawes, Sir George Bolton, the Marchioness of Northampton escorted by Capt. Tom Hussey, R.N., Claire Bloom in wine velvet, Lady George Scott and Mr. R. C. Sherriff who wrote the script for the film.

The "500" Ball, held annually in aid of the British Rheumatic Association, was a gayer and better gathering than ever this year. Once again it was held at Claridge's, and much of the credit for the tremendous success of the evening must go to Miss Margaret Pinder. Since the death last August of Mrs. Neville-Rolfe, Secretary-General of the British Rheumatic Association and a sufferer from arthritis, who always ran this ball with great efficiency to make it one of the best of the year, Miss Pinder has, as honorary organizer, worked extremely hard. Her efforts, happily, were not without reward, as they resulted in a wonderful evening all round.

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, wearing a diamond tiara and many rows of lovely pearls with her pastel satin evening dress, received the guests as President of the B.R.A. with the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, chairman of the ball, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling, the deputy chairman. The latter, wearing a tiara with her ice-blue satin evening dress, looked more than ever like an exquisite Dresden china figure.

This was a dinner dance with tables arranged all round the dance floor. The Princess had a long table at one end of the room at which sat the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, Lord Foley, the

Dowager Lady Swaythling, Mr. John Holbeach, Lord and Lady Waleran and Mr. Pat Buckley.

At the other side of the floor the Earl and Countess of Mansfield were in Miss Margaret Pinder's big party, which included their son Viscount Stormont and his fiancée Miss Pamela Foster, Mr. and Mrs. James Carnegie, Miss Bailey, Miss Elizabeth Rose, Mr. Jeremy Pemberton and Mr. Michael Tollemache.

LORD and Lady Mansfield's elder daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, who has recently returned from America and was looking very pretty in a patterned dress, was in another party with Mr. John Pinder, Miss Anne Bevan, Mr. Spring-Rice and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Royle.

Mr. Jock and Lady Margaret Colville had a party of six. Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield were in another party with friends. Miss Penelope Ansley, who was a member of the organizing committee, was in a group with Mr. Jack Stewart-Clark and his very pretty sister Norena who was in black with touches of white. Brig. and Mrs. Pinder had a big party as did Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker, and I met Mr. Michael Hopwood and his lovely wife who were with the Hon. Vere Elliott, chairman of the organizing committee, Mrs. Penelope Kitson and Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Walter.

Directly after dinner there was a good cabaret kindly given by three members of the Royal Festival Ballet Company. Belinda Wright and John Gilpin danced the Blues from "The Symphony for Fun," then Anton Dolin gave "Bolero" by Ravel. After this most of the guests went into the adjoining rooms to try their luck at the giant tombola where tickets cost only one shilling each and everyone seemed to win some kind of prize, at the "fishing for a bottle" pool, or at one of the many other sideshows which gave great amusement and collected a lot of money for the B.R.A. Among the young people I saw trying their luck were three of the prettiest of the 1955 débutantes, Miss Jane Sheffield, the Hon. Diana Herbert and Miss Henrietta Crawley, who all had their arms full of prizes. Also Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Cecilia Mount, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Mary Illingworth and her cousin Jane, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, Miss Virginia Estcourt and the Hon. Caroline Dewar. Pictures on pages 498-9.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a sunny morning in and around Manchester it was disappointing to find a fog descending when everyone arrived at the racecourse for the final day of the flat. This lasted for the first four races and made visibility very bad and at times impossible. Even the commentators were defeated for part of each race. There were big fields throughout the card, which began with the Little-Go Hurdle won by Mr. Kingsley's Lorwood ridden by Tim Molony. The next race, the £1,500 Emblem Chase, was won in convincing style by Mr. J. Davey's Limber Hill, a very useful 'chaser.

Then came the Manchester November Handicap, for which there were thirty-nine runners. The Earl of Rosebery's Lark was favourite but only managed to finish sixth, the winner being Mr. J. Hanson's Tearaway which started at 40-1.

There was a very big crowd racing, not only in the members' stand but also in the cheaper rings where amazing improvements for the comfort of racegoers have recently been made. In the eight shilling stand, which incidentally is a very roomy covered stand, a new dining-room has been built which comfortably seats between four and five hundred, and was open

for the first time. Below this is a snack bar with the longest bar on any racecourse in England—195 feet long. The very enterprising executives of this racecourse believe in putting much of the profit each year to making improvements for the comfort of racegoers, from the members' stand, which is extremely comfortable with plenty of seating room under cover, to the cheapest ring which only costs 3s. 6d.

IN the members' stand I met Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, the latter as always beautifully turned out in nice tweeds and a small emerald green velvet hat. He was one of the Stewards with Sir Edward Hanmer and Lt.-Col. Penn Curzon-Herrick, who was motoring back after racing to his home Clifton Castle near Ripon. Mrs. Brotherton, who won the Grand National with Freebooter and always owns several good 'chasers, was there to see her Ember Day run fourth in the Emblem Chase. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Potter were lunching in a party with Miss Caroline Ramsden—who has taken on much of her late father's interest in this racecourse—Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, and the Mayor of Salford and Mrs. Goulden.

The Countess of Sondes, well wrapped up in a long fur coat, was with a group of friends, and nearby I saw the Hon. Ronald Strutt who has recently become racing manager to the Greek shipowner Mr. Stavro Niarchos, and Lt.-Col. John Christian who told me he is now settled in Gloucestershire with his wife and little daughter. Also Sir Thomas Pilkington who only arrived in time for the third race as he is working in Liverpool and is at the office most Saturday mornings, Lord Morris who was spending the weekend in Yorkshire with friends, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke, and Sir Eric Ohlson and his pretty wife who looked very neat in a check top coat. They won the last race with his horse Naval Patrol.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I arrived at the Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel, which was opened on the first day by Lady Tweedsmuir, it was in full swing, and the

(Continued overleaf)



The Honduras Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Dr. Don Carlos a Suazo, escorting Señora Suazo



H.E. the Colombian Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Jose Maria Villarreal, and Señora Villarreal, who were receiving the guests



FAREWELL DINNER FOR THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR, Señor Dr. Don Domingo A. Derisi, was given at the Dorchester by the heads of the missions of the American Republics. Above: The retiring Ambassador, with H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Señora de Mendoza



Señor Don Gustavo Luders de Negri, the Chargé d'Affaires at the Mexican Embassy in London, and Señora Luders de Negri

A. V. Swache

Continuing The Social Journal

Elizabethan market
in Knightsbridge

stalls were arranged as an Elizabethan market. Two of the first people I met were Anne Lady Cowdray and Lady Wrixon-Becher, president of the two stalls called "West Country Yesterday and Today." The Countess of Halifax, president of the Fair, and Countess Fortescue, National President of the Y.W.C.A., were both busy helpers. The Italian Ambassador, Count Zoppi, was president of the "Holiday Haunts" stalls, which had a big string of helpers. Lady Priscilla Aird, who was president of the "Christmas Gifts" stall, had the aid of Lady May Abel Smith and other friends. Lady Hermione Cobbold's stall, called "Cookies and Candies," was doing a brisk trade.

Among those helping here were Lady Plender, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Brand, Miss Fraser and Mrs. St. John Hornby. A feature of this bazaar was "A 1955 Elizabethan Parade of Model Dresses," which gave supporters of the Fair a wonderful opportunity of viewing a collection of models by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. On the second day H.R.H. the Princess Royal visited the Fair, making several purchases for Christmas presents.

* * *

THE Antiques and Old Masters Galleries in New Bond Street were crowded for the private view of "Portraits and Landscapes" by Bernard Powell which are being shown until December 3. Many people were admiring his big picture of Mrs. Peter Cadbury wearing a red dress which hangs next to an excellent portrait of Sir Eric Studd wearing an I.Z. tie. Both subjects of these portraits were at the party, Mrs. Cadbury with her husband and Sir Eric with Lady Studd. On the other side of the gallery I liked the large canvas of Violetta Elvin as "Odette" and a striking small portrait of Miss Elizabeth Winn. Lady Oriel Vaughan, Mr. Whitney Straight and Virginia McKenna's portraits are also among those adorning these walls until December 3.



Michael Dunne

MISS CLARE MONCK, daughter of Mrs. Larry Kirwan, of King's Road, Chelsea, and Mr. Bosworth Monck, who was a débutante this year and has now gone up to Oxford University, where she is reading zoology

There are some delightful landscapes, varying from different views of London, Yorkshire and Warwickshire to a seascape near Rye. There were also some sketches and paintings made in the neighbourhood of St. Mawes where the artist spent several weeks this summer. One of these was bought at the private view by Sir Noel Goldie, Q.C., who met the artist in Cornwall. Lady Goldie was with him at the galleries, where others included Yvonne Arnaud in her usual scintillating form, Lady McFadyean, and Brig. J. le C. Fowle with his wife, who is also a very clever landscape artist and paints under the name of Anne Fowle.

* * *

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was present at a Ball at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled at Leatherhead. This College does magnificent work training disabled persons to enter industry on equal terms and earn the same wages as the able-bodied. About 3,000 men and women are trained here each year for trades including

engineering with several of its branches, also gardening, bench carpentry, cookery, shorthand and typing, television servicing, welding, book-keeping, and dressmaking.

A feature of this ball was the dress show of models designed by M. Hubert de Givenchy, which had been sent over from Paris especially for the occasion with a galaxy of ultra-chic French mannequins to display them. It was an interesting collection containing some lovely clothes, but the organizers should have arranged to have had only part of the collection sent over. Possibly six suits, coats, day and evening dresses, about twenty-four to thirty models of Mr. Givenchy's choice for the occasion.

Whereas the whole collection would have been shown in a Paris salon in under an hour—in a vast ballroom with no rehearsal, the showing of around 120 models dragged on for well over an hour and a half, far too long for a diversion at any ball; especially for those who, like myself, had to stand throughout the collection.

THE Duchess of Gloucester sat at a table with Lady Freyberg and the Duchess of Norfolk, in red with a diamond tiara, who were president and chairman of the Ball Committee. Also in the party were the Duke of Norfolk, the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, Lady Worsley, Lady Rachel Davidson and Doreen, Lady Brabourne. It was a very social and dressy occasion with a great many of the women wearing tiaras, which is sometimes surprising at a charity ball. Two exceptions were two of our loveliest Duchesses, the Duchess of Buccleuch and her daughter the Duchess of Northumberland, who wore a sequin embroidered midnight blue tulle dress.

It would perhaps be easier to mention those who were absent than those who were present, so full was the great ballroom. I saw the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood who was vice-chairman of the Ball Committee, and her husband the Hon. Richard Wood, M.P. for Bridlington. Among other members of the Committee who brought parties I saw the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, Lady George Scott, the Countess of Westmorland, Viscountess Duncannon, Mrs. John Ward, Lady Daphne Straight, Mrs. John Thursby, and Mrs. Gerald Legge.

The German Ambassador, who was present with Frau von Herwarth, was sitting next to



Miss Joan Russell-Smith and Col. S. Cooke, B.E., T.D., W.R.A.C., chairman of the Fair



The Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, Mrs. Denys Gilley and Miss Jane Brodie were selling at one of the two "West Country" stalls



Miss Ruth Walder, Y.W.C.A. National Secretary, and Countess Fortescue, National President

Mrs. Diana Daly. The Duchess of Argyll was in Mrs. Ward's big party as were Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic. Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, the latter wearing an exquisite diamond and ruby necklace and tiara, were in a very big party with the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Cubitt. The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton was in a party on the other side of the room.

OTHERS present included the Earl and Countess Jellicoe, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullens, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn and Miss Gillian Hewett and her fiancée Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, who are being married in London in January. Lord Ashcombe, Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn, the latter very good-looking in dark blue tulle and a lovely diamond necklace, and Mr. Jeremy Tree, were among others in the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan's big party.

Lady Victoria Scott, who had organized the ball, had another large party next to the top table. There was a bevy of pretty young girls helping this good cause by selling lucky programmes, lucky draw tickets or helping with the tombola. Among these I met Miss Serena Sheffield in geranium red taffeta, who was in charge of selling the lucky draw tickets, Miss Sally Churchill, Miss Caroline Clive, Miss Dawn Lawrence, Miss Carena Boyle, Miss Henriette Crawley, in yellow, Miss Caroline York, very pretty in a full skirted long dress, Miss Jane Sheffield in a cream lace dress, and Miss Rose Lycett Green.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE this ball I had been to the Palace Theatre for the opening night of Ballet Espanol de Pilar Lopez, which had a wonderful reception. The programme included "L'Espanolade," an amusing burlesque of Spanish dancing which Dorita Ruiz and Paco de Ronda danced with a great sense of fun. Outstanding among the corps of dancers was Paco de Ronda, who had so much applause after his rendering of "Baile y Taconeo," that he danced an encore. He was excellent again as the hero in the final ballet, "El Cojo

[Continued overleaf]



Desmond O'Neill

GLASS OF FASHION AT CHRISTMAS FAIR

THE Y.W.C.A. held its very successful annual Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel. A great feature of the occasion was a fashion show given by representatives of London's top fashion designers. Above: A crowded audience studies a creation by Digby Morton



Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and Isobel Vicomtesse D'Orthez were studying the contents of a stall



Miss Gretha Andresen and Mrs. E. D. Andrews were among the stallholders at the Beauty Salon stall



Mrs. Mark Vardy and Mrs. George Burnside, who were running the Centenary Competition

AIR ATTACHÉS ENTERTAINED

THE chairman and directors of Westland Aircraft, of Yeovil, gave a cocktail party in honour of foreign air attachés in this country and their wives at the Sanctuary, Westminster, recently



Left: Mr. W. Hinks of Westland Aircraft, explaining the Whirlwind helicopter to Mrs. Sarvanto, wife of the Finnish Air Attaché, and Major U. Koskenpalo, Asst. Air Attaché, Finland. Above: Capt. Arne Jufors, the Swedish Assistant Air Attaché, and Mrs. Jufors were in conversation with Mr. Penrose, the sales manager of Westland Aircraft

Continuing The Social Journal

A dress show from Sweden

Enamorado," ("The Lame Lover"). Among the audience were Lady Audley, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, the latter wearing a white mink stole with her evening dress, Lord Kinross and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood, who had come on from the farewell party to Don Livio and Donna Diedo Theodoli at the Italian Embassy.

★ ★ ★

LOOKING very chic in black with a tall feather in her little black hat, Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, very graciously opened the Swedish Fashion Group Show. It was the first presentation in this country of Swedish ready-to-wear clothes and it was a very well designed, well cut and well made collection. Many of the materials used were Swedish, too, and all of very good quality.

Among those looking at the clothes, which were displayed by Swedish mannequins, were Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, and her daughter Evie, Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, and Mme. Schreiber, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, who was accompanied by Mrs. Wakeham. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, looking very smart in black with a white fur hat, was in the audience. Also Mrs. Schwartz sitting with Mr. Peter Coats and Mrs. Edward Behn.

★ ★ ★

LADY MAYER was chairman of the concert organized in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board and Residential Clubs for Elderly Gentlepeople of limited means, which took place at the Rembrandt Hotel. There was

disappointment and great sympathy when Lady Mayer announced that the second artist on the programme, Nadine Talbot, was unable to appear. This is the name under which the Countess of Shrewsbury sings, and, as many people will know, she was at the bedside of her husband, the Premier Earl of England and Ireland, who was seriously ill in an iron lung, with poliomyelitis. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to Lady Shrewsbury and wishes for a speedy recovery to the Earl, who at the time of writing is making slow but steady progress.



The CHRISTMAS Number of The TATLER is now on sale. Lavishly presented, it has many photographs, drawings and striking illustrations in colour, reflecting the seasonal gaiety and festive spirit of Christmas. It may be ordered for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d.

Miss Margaret Bissett deputized for Lady Shrewsbury at the concert and sang a variety of delightful songs.

The programme opened with Derek Simpson playing the 'cello accompanied at the piano by Fiona Cameron. His choice of works included "Orientale" by César Cui and "Habanera" by Ravel. A very talented young pianist, Dorothy Roberts, also contributed to the afternoon's enjoyment. Firstly she played Beethoven's Sonata in C Sharp Minor. Later she played several other pieces, among them Brahms's Hungarian Dance in B Flat and Debussy's "Claire de Lune." During the interval Lady Mayer spoke of the work of the Board and the Wayfarers Trust, and said that in two years nearly £30,000 had been collected for the care of the aged.

★ ★ ★

MRS. WARREN PEARL, who has done so much in her life for so many good causes, has once again taken on a chairmanship—of the annual Bridge Tournament and Christmas Fair in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to be held at the Dorchester Hotel next Monday, November 28. The Fair opens from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Bridge, for which tables are three pounds each, is from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Tables may be reserved from Mrs. Robin Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

LAST year I did some most successful shopping at the Swedish Christmas Fair. Here they always have many articles that are seldom seen on sale in this country. This year the Fair will be held on Saturday, December 3, in the Swedish Hall, Harcourt Street, W.1. It is to be opened at 11 a.m. by Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador. I hear that, as last year, one of the specialities will be a wonderful choice of Swedish matches and match boxes.



H.M. The Queen Mother of the Jordan

H. M. Queen Zein is the beautiful mother of King Hussein of the Jordan. She is seen here wearing the exquisite dress by Balmain which she wore for her State portrait. Queen Zein has two younger sons, the Crown Prince, H.R.H. Prince Mohammed, who is being educated in England as was his brother the King, H.R.H. Prince Hassan, aged eight, and a daughter H.R.H. Princess Basma, who is three years younger



Roundabout

Paul Holt

WHY should we scold the Theron, the ship that takes to the Antarctic the British explorers who aim to spend two and a half years crossing this great unknown continent?

They say too much money has been spent. But surely that is a good thing, for when Capt. Scott went the same way nobody would give any money at all and the expedition failed, not from lack of courage, of which there was ample, but from lack of the nourishment of courage, which you get from home.

It comes from the feeling that the people you left behind you are on your side.

For this reason I feel that Dr. V. E. Fuchs, who leads the Trans-Antarctic party, has been wise in ordering from Mrs. Chabot, who lives at Beamond End in Buckinghamshire, sixty balaclava helmets, scarves and mittens, all made in the brightest colours.

What colours have the explorers chosen?

Peony, cherry, lupin blue, gentian, and turquoise; buttercup, champagne, emerald and Highway Green (now what is Highway Green?)

I mention these details because I think it is not widely known to women what colours men like. And if a man is going on a two and a half year journey to the South Pole he knows what he likes when he goes.

How does the man feel who sets off to the City to turn an honest penny as a broker, when he thinks about colour? Peony, cherry, Highland Green?

I think the wives should muster their thoughts on this subject shortly, for Christmas comes but once a year.

The adventure these men in the Theron are setting off on is surely the best thing for many years. The Antarctic is the last unexplored continent. There lies uranium, gold, coal and possibly many unknown

minerals. It can restore the power in the world we have lost.

There lies, too, adventure, and do not believe that your son and daughter, too, when they come home from school, will not be thinking about it.

It is true that the other day the British flag was put up on Rockall Island, a meteorological pinpoint in the Eastern Atlantic.

But Rockall is not enough.

★ ★ ★

PROFESSOR ALAN S. C. ROSS, who occupies the Chair of Linguistics at the University of Birmingham, has written a paper on linguistic class indicators in present-day English. Miss Nancy Mitford spotted it and wrote well her appreciation.

But Professor Ross has more to say than she had to say. He has noticed that language, not manners, make the man. The poor say wealthy, the rich say

rich. If you are U (which means Upper Class) and not non-U (middle or lower) you use much simpler words.

Indeed, what Mr. Ross is trying to say is that rich is not rich any more. He mentions the late Professor H. C. Wyld, who wrote an article in which he said, "No gentleman goes on a bus."

Many gentlemen have to neglect this dictum.

Playing tennis in braces is, of course, out, but Professor Ross makes the interesting point that such behaviour is not so displeasing to the U-class as an aversion to high tea, or having one's cards engraved and not printed. A dislike for the telephone, the cinema, the wireless and television are still perhaps marks of the upper classes in our society.

How would you address a boy at his prep school? Master.

Names on envelopes, beginnings of letters, names on cards? Postal addresses and letter endings?

It is all very important.

★ ★ ★

THE death of Robert Sherwood, the playwright, is a sadness to me, for I knew him well. He was a tall, rangy man with a puzzled expression, but a clear mind.

Towards the end of his life he became famous as the man who wrote President Roosevelt's speeches and was a notable backroom boy in American politics. But that is not the way I remember him.

He wrote a play called *Idiot's Delight* and in doing so established himself as the first man to put out a signpost leading to World War Two.

The argument of the play was simply this—however hard you try to run away from it, patriotism will get you in the end.

The last time we met we talked about Sam Goldwyn, the film producer. Sherwood was a great friend of his. I said how splendid it was to have come from the ghetto of Warsaw and soared to the heights of the Waldorf Tower in New York without having in that process of living changed your manner or your attitude in any degree.

Robert agreed. He said that Goldwyn was, in his opinion, one of those rare things in this modern world—a classless person.

Sherwood loved England, I think, more than he loved anything else in the world.

★ ★ ★

How quickly a trickle can become a flood.

A year ago nobody was thinking of King Richard III, last of the Yorkists. Now everybody talks about him, trying to justify his reputation.

They try too hard. For here is a book by Paul Murray Kendall which tells the truth. His story *Richard III* (George Allen & Unwin, 30s.) shows the king to have been no villain, but a rather prissy person who copied his great brother Edward IV in everything he did.

From the look of Richard I would think he was a schoolmaster, correct and bossy beyond his powers.



GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.,

who has this month succeeded Field-Marshal Sir John Harding as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is a soldier who combines to a supremely effective degree the virtues of initiative and administrative ability. Shortly before the war he was a major, but by the end of 1942 he had become the youngest lieutenant-general in the Army, though the next year he voluntarily stepped down to major-general in order to command divisions in action in the Mediterranean and Italy. Following a period as Director of Civil Affairs in occupied Germany, he became in 1946 Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office, a post he occupied with brilliant distinction for four years. In February, 1952, he went to Malaya as High Commissioner and Director of Operations, and after two years had by sheer competence and force of personality transformed a situation whose blackness seemed irredeemable. General Templer was the obvious choice for the new C.I.G.S., and increasing the tempo of the Army's modernization to keep step with new weapons will be very much a task after his own heart.

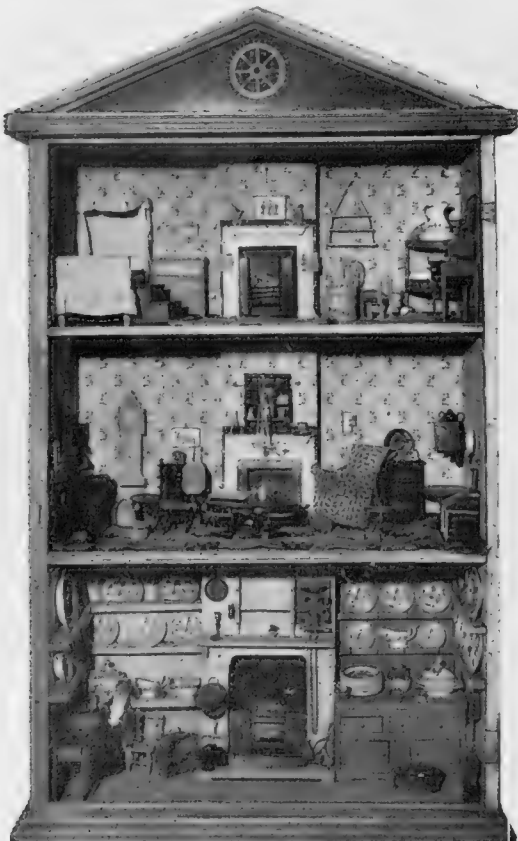


Above, left: The eighteenth-century house in miniature, the windows with their glass blackened with pitch. There were two jib doors in the house, invented so that Chinese or other landscape papers, in twelve-yard lengths usually, could be carried all round a room without interruption. Above, right: Interior of the Westbrook baby house. It was made in 1705 by the tradesmen of the Isle of Dogs for Elizabeth, daughter of John Westbrook, of Essex. The photographs on these pages come from *English Dolls Houses Of The Eighteenth And Nineteenth Century*, by Vivien Greene (Batsford, 63s.)



THE HOMES OF LILLIPUT

VIVIEN GREENE, who here writes on minuscule homes, is not only the leading authority on English dolls' houses, but also the owner of the largest private collection. Her book on the subject published this week, the result of prolonged and affectionate research, is destined to become a classic



The Norwich House, which is possibly as early as 1720, has been painted to represent brickwork with stone quoining. The only doll belonging to the house is a butler

AT about this time of year there will be deliberations and discussions, and at the end of them a family will go shopping for a dolls' house. The opportunity of buying it in a toyshop, or toyman's as it was called, dates back to the early nineteenth century. Before this the majority seem to have been made to order by the village or estate carpenter, and it is these chiefly that have survived, very often in the same house of the same family that had commissioned it.

These are the *baby houses* (the name meaning a toy house for "babies," the ancient word for doll, or more exactly "image"), an expression that gave place to "dolls' house" some time after 1830; indeed, so gradual was the change that I read a letter written in 1925 in which a lady of eighty-five referred to the family baby house as naturally as her ancestress of 1740 would have done.

THE baby house and the dolls' house live in different climates of feeling; a baby house, for instance, stood on the landing, sometimes in the saloon or its ante-room, the dolls' house (of course, you will say) in the nursery. The dolls' house can be sociable, amusing and crammed with the paraphernalia of living whether it is a flat-roofed "sun-trap with garage" or an Edwardian villa with fretted white balconies or a tall Victorian mansion. But the baby house is aloof, often a little proud and melancholy, and always beautiful.

If therefore in November, 1855 you had wanted to buy a dolls' house you would have made your way to the Lowther Arcade,

running between West Strand and Adelaide Street, or to the Soho Bazaar or perhaps to Cremer's famous toy warehouse in Regent Street where Lewis Carroll took his young friends. Here you might buy your dolls' house; typically it would be painted and varnished golden yellow like gingerbread, with round-headed windows fitted with blinds, and topped by a castellated parapet.

NEXT pleasure would be to choose the furniture, and it still seems astonishing even after the familiarity of hundreds of examples that it should have been possible to make a choice between four different sizes of the bureau, for instance, that pleased you; there would have been several patterns, too, some with rows of drawers inside, some pedimented and decorated with bone pillars, some with a bookcase atop, others with a pigeonhole backed by a scrap of glittering looking-glass . . . The dining table, oblong or circular, conveniently expands with two extra leaves for a dolls' Christmas party and it costs 1s. 6d. A side table with a real marble top costs 1s.

The chairs and sofas are sold in sets, upholstered in the thinnest of silk, magenta or blue, crimson or green and trimmed with a thread-like edging of gilt paper. A hat rack is already supplied with hats, an umbrella stand with sticks, a wire plant-stand holds pots of ferns, and a useful pair of steps whereby to climb into bed is priced at 1s. 6d. and, since it is a commode as well, that is fitted with its own small china pot. Gilded Empire clocks dream under glass domes; cheaper ones in stamped lead alloy brushed with bronze paint stand alertly, flanked by twin matching vases; here is a

standish with minute stag's antlers to hold the pens, and two receptacles, an inkwell and a sand-shaker—or possibly it represents the bottle of coloured glass balls that was used as a penwiper, prettier by far than those black flannel circles pinked at the edges.

With only one penny one could at least buy an oil lamp with a funnel and a globe shade of milk-glass; a dolls' house needs many of these and six could be bought for the price of one gas chandelier.

Deliciously gay dinner services came in round boxes made of pinewood from the Bavarian forests that provided the wood for them both, and since toys always are preservers of tradition, even when the tureens and plates were later packed in cardboard boxes, they in turn were covered with paper printed to imitate wood-graining.

THE furniture I have referred to is, I believe, by a manufacturer who worked in or near Nuremberg in 1830 or so and who exported to England and the Continent until the late 1880s. I have named him provisionally The Dolls' Duncan Phyfe because the lyre-supported sewing tables and the scimitar-legged chairs do really remind one of the last of the Regency inspired cabinetmakers. It was in search of facts concerning this toymaker that I made a journey last autumn to Nuremberg and then to Thuringia in an attempt, unsuccessful of course, to reach Sonneberg's famous toy museum lying only two miles inside Russian-occupied territory. It was infuriating (and I realize how frivolous or tasteless this may sound) to lean on the wire fencing and see across the ploughed strip the skeletonized lighthouses with their Russian guards and to be made aware that the roofs almost in sight were as distant practically as Peking. . . .

Erzgebirge, now in Polish territory and equally inaccessible, was the home for centuries—indeed, up to World War One—of dolls' house making; in all likelihood literally so, as being for the greater part a home industry like the making of dolls at another village I visited, which has been entirely devoted to doll-making since the early seventeenth century, so I was given to understand. Although there is a small and up-to-date factory which makes and dresses very well designed dolls, the larger number of them are still made at home and certain families by long tradition make the legs, others the heads, yet another inserts the eyes and it was amusing and touching to see a wheelbarrowful of dolls' arms trundled across the road to be assembled at a neighbour's house.

BUT Continental dolls' houses are outside my province, apart from any influence they may have had on early baby houses in England; these in any case developed very differently. If the dolls' house, broadly speaking, is a toy, is accustomed to alteration, to having its furniture changed about and even the functions of the rooms altered, the baby house is a deliberate thing, an arrangement for the eye. Its silver fire-irons lie so, and this is the "governess's" bed and no one else's. Possibly the dolls, if they have survived, have kept their own names still, and great time and trouble has been spent on giving the house its petit-point carpet, its painted firescreens. Baby houses can be seen in splendour at the Bethnal Green Museum or at Wythenshawe, or one may come upon them elsewhere.

It may be a day in late autumn and the mist hangs over the neglected drive that curves away behind the gently dripping trees whose fallen branches lie green and decaying in the fern. At the end, looking over a prospect, is an enormous weather-stained portico and now one begins to feel, absurdly and to discomfort, sick with hope and excitement: one is going to be shown a baby house.



This baby house was discovered in the Portobello Road and was later sold at Sotheby's. The effect of the house is rich, massive and sombre, enhanced by high ceilings and wide cornices



This example belongs to Ann, one of the fourteen children of John Sharp, Archbishop of York, who was a close friend of Queen Anne. She presented the house to his daughter on her christening

HOUNDS MEET AT FAIRLAWNE

THE West Kent Foxhounds held their opening meet this year at the home near Tonbridge of Major P. V. F. Cazalet, the Queen's racehorse trainer. Right: Mr. John Tickner, Major Cazalet and (mounted) Mr. A. Gaselee, who is the Master of the West Kent



At the Races

THE DELIGHTS OF JUMPING

BY those unfortunate people who have never taken a leading part in the attractive sport of steeplechase riding, its chief allure is supposed to reside in seeing other people doing the dangerous; a survival of those thrilling times when the female part of the audience at the Colosseum used to turn its thumbs down if it thought that Marcus Aurelius or Horatius Coclès had not done their stuff or were not really trying. There may still be a sprinkling of these sadistic persons around and about, but I feel sure that they are few and far between, and that the principal emotion of the patron of National Hunt Racing is one of admiration for the brave, and a sincere hope that they will get the trip without much more damage than a broken collarbone or two or maybe a few ribs thrown in for good measure.

For those who have been in this collarbone and neck-breaking business I do not believe that there is a more nerve-racking experience than watching a jump race. The reason for this is not far to seek. They know too well what it means when Honest Joe or Flighty Flora misdates one, and rolls over the pilot, that is unless he happens to have been lucky enough to be flung clear. This happens quite often, very fortunately, because of the high speed.

THE people who have never ridden a steeplechase also have their moments and I recall a case of a lady owner, as fair as she was frivolous, who insisted upon holding the hand of Attaché No. 2, whilst Attaché No. 1 was riding a sketchy brute that she owned, named (facetiously as must be presumed) Coeur de Lion—but really the sort which would rather get down the first mousehole than jump the fences. Every time it came to one she dug her nails in hard and said "Oh!" I saw the poor understudy's hands afterwards—a gory mess—and he said: "Next time you hold her hand, and I'll ride her confounded horses." I think he was right for that is the way which watching a steeplechase afflicts some people, and it is a far more nervous business than actually riding in one.

Everybody goes to the Sefton Meeting at Aintree with the idea of seeing what is in the

shop window for the Grand National. Sometimes this works, but more often it does not, for the only test for the Grand National is the Grand National. We saw a good many horses jumping the country in very good style, and the falls were not abnormally numerous, and no one, so far as I have heard, got badly damaged.

A great many people were very much impressed by Stormhead, and I do not wonder for he had looked very like a Grand National horse for some time past and he has all the commanding stature which makes a big place look small. He showed us what a rumbustious customer he is by the way he won the Molyneux Chase, which is only 2½ miles, but he gave a most impressive performance. The real plum of the whole meeting was the way in which an old friend, Dermot MacCalmont, produced that great old chestnut Durante to win the Liverpool Autumn Cup. To carry 9 st. 9 lb. and win comfortably is no small achievement and this victory makes his hat-trick.

IT was very assuaging to find that at long last some kind person had come to the aid of the non-Etonian about the manners and customs of that very ancient place. The little Vade-Mecum available on the St. Andrew's Day Wall Game occasion was very handy because, besides explaining that rather difficult game, it destroyed (I hope) the

legend that the Saint invented the Wall Game, or built that wall: the work most probably of that rabid Trades Unionist Balbus (Inc.) who as far as we know never finished building his own wall. Some further information for the gullible: St. Andrew never having been at Eton was: (a) Not a member of Pop, (b) Never wrote "The Eton Boating Song," and (c) Never said that good "calx" was something nice to eat; he was also not the man who started calling Masters "Beaks." That word is entirely local Eton slang, and in any case at no time a term of disrespect; rather the other way on in fact. Finally George III was *not* the founder of Eton. "The Fourth" merely happens to be his birthday. I am not quite certain when Henry VI was born, but sometime in August I think when the school usually has gone down.

AS some people are sure to be lucky enough to be going to Ireland to have a hunt this season, perhaps this little story may be a handy bit of their luggage. In Dublin's fair city a good lady, who was given to working in charitable causes, was on her rounds and at one of the houses at which she stopped she said to the châtelaine: "Mrs. Dugan, would ye be after giving me something for the inebriates' home?" "I will that. If ye will wait till eight o'clock I'll give ye Dugan." However, Ireland is full of good stories, and this is only one of many. There was another time when two wild men from the West attended a Civic Lunch in Dublin and when the appropriate time came round for the cheese and the celery, Sean said to Micky: "Whisht, iver did ye see the bate of that, 'atin' the decorations?"

FROM Australia a record of a new kind of sport has just been sent to me—shooting eagles from aeroplanes! First of all, I never knew they had many eagles in Australia, but apparently they have, and they inhabit the hottest part of it, Queensland. The Queensland Government pays a bounty on eagles' heads, because these wicked birds of prey do a lot of damage to young lambs in those parts. My correspondent says that there has been rather a controversy between those who think that these eagles should be killed and those who do not, and although there are a tremendous number of sheep in Australia and they ought to have plenty and to spare, there is no particular reason why the eagles should get them.

A prominent member of the Canberra Government is, I hear, a keen eagle-potter.





QUORN'S OPENING MEET

THE Quorn, that famous Leicestershire pack, had a successful opening meet at Kirby Gate, near Leicester. Followers of the hunt and adjacent packs numbered over 100. Above: The Master of the Quorn, Colonel G. A. Murray-Smith, raises his hand to call a halt as hounds make their first draw in Lake Spinney, near Great Dalby

Miss Jean Wright on Hafiz was accompanied by Mr. Bob Spoor riding Roland, formerly owned by Miss Pat Smythe

Mr. Thomas Dunne on Will He Tearway and Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell on Donna Sol II., waiting for hounds to move off



Sir Harold Nutting, Chairman of the Quorn, was talking to Mr. George Barker, the noted huntsman of the pack



Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith and Colonel Murray-Smith, who has been Master of the Quorn for the past year



Mr. Julian de Lisle, Miss Anne Deas, Mr. Jack Farmiloe and Miss Mary Amos were among the many spectators that day

Van Hallan



Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, the wife of Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Bt., was chatting to Mr. David Metcalfe



Mr. James Ballantyne, treasurer of the Dress Show committee, with Lady (Danvers) Osborn and Lady Victoria Scott



The Duchess of Gloucester cuts the cake to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled

A MEMORABLE DANCE FOR CHARITY

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER was present at the highly successful Dress Show (by Hubert de Givenchy), dinner and dance held at the Dorchester in aid of Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled. It was organised by Lady Victoria Scott, who was helped by a large and influential committee. Jennifer describes it on pages 482-483



The Hon. Mrs. Morys Bruce, Mr. John Cavanagh and Mrs. John Ward



Col. Peter Laycock and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, daughter of the Duke of Wellington



Miss Gillian Hewett was dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham

A. V. Swarke



The Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Freyberg, G.B.E., the president, receiving the guests



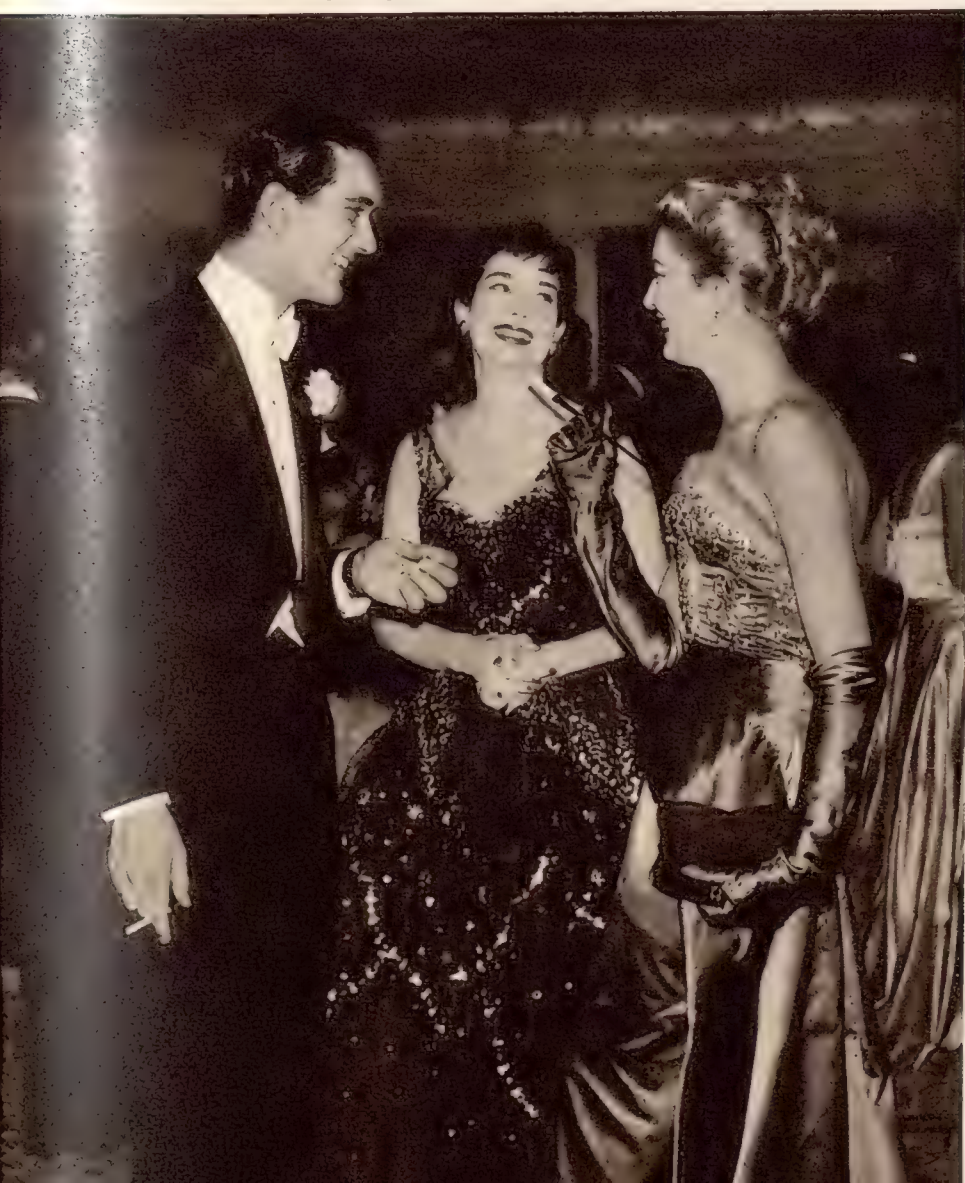
Mr. J. A. Crean, who is the hon. treasurer, chatting to Miss Henrietta Crawley



The Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt, Mr. T. Waddington and Countess John de Bendor

Mr. Anthony Tancred, Miss Sandra Legge and Miss Cynthia Oberholzer were three of the guests. The dancing went on until 2 a.m.

Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, wife of the noted race-horse trainer, and the Hon. W. J. McGowan



Mr. G. M. Gilbey and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bryant. Same 500 guests supported this cause

At the Theatre

LADY WITH AN AXE

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IN the 'thirties Mr. Edward Percy and Mr. Reginald Denham, old hands at the game, based a successful thriller on the *cause célèbre* of Lizzie Borden. This young lady, according to the ruthless rhyme, took an axe, gave her father forty whacks, and when she saw what she had done, gave her mother forty-one. An American jury acquitted her, whereas a Scottish jury might well have returned a verdict of "Not Proven."

The Mrs. Wishart of the play is a middle-aged woman with just such an ambiguous past as Lizzie Borden's. She lives in farthest Cornwall under an assumed name, and has a son whom she loves with marked possessiveness. She goes in constant fear for his sake that her identity will become known; and through the chance recognition of her faithful maid she is forced to make the disclosure and to be tried all over again, because the

doctor whose daughter is to marry her son has strong views on heredity.

Miss Flora Robson has always had a fondness for the grim heroine of *Suspect*, and she is playing her again in the revival at the Royal Court. Mrs. Wishart suits her talent to a T. Miss Robson can come on the stage in a state of suffering, and she can go on suffering all the evening without making us feel that she is suffering too much. Mrs. Wishart is far from being a likable woman, but from curtain rise to curtain fall she never ceases to suffer.

AND Miss Robson makes the suffering of this uncomfortable woman moving. She moves us not as a woman but as a hunted animal. We can feel its heart beating, so to speak, while the hunt closes in, and when brought to bay with what fearful tenacity the trapped creature struggles.



HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED: Sir Hugo Const (John Welsh), a newspaper magnate with a long memory, Dr. Rendle (Peter Williams), who has strong views on the matter of heredity, and has a daughter to consider, and Mrs. Smith (Flora Robson), a tortured soul trapped in a labyrinth from which there is no escape



'THE REV.' (Arthur Howard) whose determined sweetness of nature sometimes borders on the fatuous in a situation tending to tragedy

Miss Robson plays the part with all possible expertness, and as an individual performance it must be as good as ever it was. But it is disconcerting to observe how old-fashioned the successful thriller of the 'thirties has become. Not only do the small-change jocularities now seem to come out of a different language, but the traps set for the woman suspected to be the notorious Mrs. Wishart are to us altogether too childish in their contrivance. Our own thrillers, though as works of art possibly no better than *Suspect*, are comparatively marvellous in their swift, smooth ingenuities.

THE booby traps are made to look all the more primitive by the self-important knowingness of those who set them. The great newspaper magnate cannot forget that he started life as a smart crime reporter, and he is supposed to have a mind as sharp as a knife. Once his unflinching memory for faces has enabled him to recognise Mrs. Wishart's faithful maid, he sets his mind to work in real earnest. His friend's daughter must not be allowed to marry the son of a woman who may be a brutal murderess.

How can he get the woman to betray her real identity? His first brilliant idea is to conceal an axe under a newspaper beside the coffee tray, and while the suspect is pouring coffee suddenly to snatch the newspaper away. Mrs. Wishart blanches, but recovers her composure. His final and successful trap is to have "Robin Adair" (which figured in the trial) sung unexpectedly; and under this sentimental onslaught the suspect collapses.

BY modern standards, this is not, by a very satisfactory way of getting through two whole acts. But the third act is manifestly the object of the whole exercise. This contains the big emotional scene of confession and apparent exculpation, the retrial of the case in the light of what the suspect is now willing to explain, and a final curtain of blood-curdling melodrama. Miss Robson carries this excellent act without much help from her persecutor, but still she carries it. Miss Betty Henderson is good as the Scottish maid, and Miss Elaine Usher and Mr. Brian Nissen do what they can with characters whose existence depends on not knowing what it is all about.



A SPANISH VIOLETTA

IT is rare in the world of music to find singers with fine voices who are also beautiful. Pilar Loren-gar, the young Spanish opera singer, who will be heard in *La Traviata* at the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, on November 26th, possesses both these qualities to an uncommon degree. Though she is only twenty-three, her voice has been universally praised by critics throughout Europe. Her most important appearance to date has been at the Aix-en-Provence Festival last July, where she sang Cherubino in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Her youth and her beauty will have an especial appeal in what is one of the most moving and dramatic parts in Italian opera.

Zichy (Baron Studios)

London Limelight

The haunted ballet

SPANISH BALLET has its especial devotees over here and they have been drilled into an acceptance of self-denial in little luxuries like lighting and scenery, but I doubt if Pilar Lopez at the Palace will increase the number of converts. Rarely can an expensive evening's entertainment have had such casual presentation. The backcloth at one point was so thin as to become, with misplaced lighting, completely transparent, so that in "El Amor Brujo" one had a vision of ghostly back-stage ladders, the entrails of heating devices and cloth-capped persons moving slowly on nameless missions.

Perhaps the distraction was just as well. Senorita Lopez has reached a stage when she would best serve the memory of Argentina by precept, rather than by practise. Time does not deal altogether kindly with the Spanish female *gluteous maximus*, and there were moments when I feared that Mr. Douglas Byng might be watching from a box with a speculative eye on the central figure. The rest of the company, it should

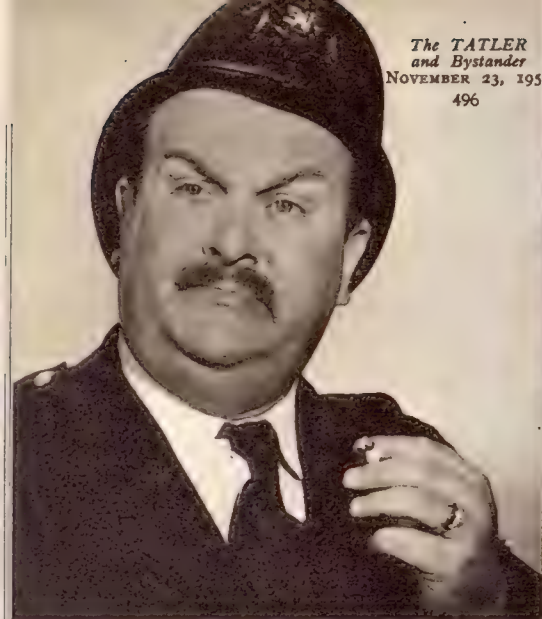
be reported, provided excellent simples against this profane idea.

IT has always seemed to me absurd that Bernard Shaw, with his beautiful Irish brogue and blarney like honey in his tones, should have advised the world about the pronunciation of English. In the same way, to take Sir Beverley Baxter seriously as a critic is illogical, for it is not what he professes. *First Nights and Footlights* (Hutchinson; 21s.), his recently collected essays, demonstrates the point. If you want a reasoned guess about the worth of a play or the merits of the players, go to the pundits, but if you wish your memories revived or you want an agreeable answer to the question, "Well, what was it really like?" Sir Beverley is your man. And, being one of the best reporters now in business, he can convey to the last drop of Chanel the atmosphere of an evening. Were I an actor I would elect for one affectionate obituary from this pen in preference to a dozen columns of learned assessment.

—Youngman Carter



T.T.
Paco de Ronda with Senorita Pilar Lopez, who leads her Spanish ballet company at the Palace Theatre



At the Pictures

SKIRMISH WITH THE DERVISH

CINEMASCOPE and Eastman Colour lend a sort of splendour to *Storm Over The Nile*—but, basically, the film is just a remake of that dear, old-fashioned old thing, *The Four Feathers*. It struck me as a little untimely—for with trouble bubbling in the Near East and the fate of the Sudan in the balance, this is surely not the moment to remind the world how much the British of Kitchener's day relished a skirmish with the dervish. But perhaps this is to take the film too seriously.

Mr. Anthony Steel plays Harry Faversham, the young officer who hates soldiering, resigns his commission when his regiment is ordered to the Sudan, and is terribly hurt to receive four white feathers from three fellow-officers, Messrs. Laurence Harvey, Ian Carmichael and Ronald Lewis, and his fiancée, Miss Mary Ure. To vindicate himself, Mr. Steel hies him to Egypt, disguises himself as a tongueless Sangali tribesman, reaches the Sudan and performs prodigious feats of valour—rescuing Mr. Harvey, who is blinded, from certain death, and Messrs. Carmichael and Lewis from a native prison, and helping Kitchener take Omdurman. This entitles him, of course, to return each white badge of cowardice to its donor.

MR. STEEL, who looks rather like a worried dumpling, is at his best when mute, and Mr. Harvey, with that jutting promontory of forelock, is most impressive when blind: this, I think, is his best performance to date. My neighbour at the private screening agreed—adding kindly: "Yes, indeed; he might well rate a captaincy in the West Kensington Light Infantry."

Miss Mary Ure, making her film debut, is a pretty young person, with a charming, upward-curving smile, but from this showing I couldn't possibly tell you whether or not she can act. I forget how many times Mr. James Robertson Justice, as her father, refights the battle of Balaclava over dinner, but, anyway, it's often enough to bore the breeches off a Horse Guard. All the British scenes are somewhat dull, and it's only in the Sudan

that the picture comes to life. The battle sequences have been excellently handled by Messrs. Terence Young and Zoltan Korda. The shots of the fierce dervishes riding into battle on their sneery-looking trotting camels and sniffing the air as if, fee-fi-fum, they smell the blood of an Englishman, are simply magnificent.

I never thought I should enjoy a film about sex-starved U.S. sailors, but *Mister*



James Cagney as the eccentric captain and Henry Fonda as his fire-eating and deeply discontented First Officer in *Mister Roberts*

Roberts, Mr. John Ford's beautifully-directed screen version of the successful play, gave me great pleasure. The dialogue is witty and the acting superb. Mr. James Cagney is the well-loathed captain of a Navy cargo ship, U.S.S. Reluctant: he is bent on promotion and, as Mr. Cagney plays him, is an absolute blister, bursting with venom. Mr. Henry Fonda has the title-role, hankers for a transfer to a destroyer, and endears himself to the crew by snubbing the skipper openly and pitching his pet palm-tree overboard. Mr. William Powell is the bland doctor whose cure for all ills is an aspirin, and whose recipe for making whisky combines medical alcohol and soft drink with a dash of iodine and the merest soupçon of hair tonic. Mr. Jack Lemmon, ensign in charge of laundry and morale, is a lively

"THE LADYKILLERS" is a hilarious crime thriller from Ealing Studios with (left) Sargeant (Philip Stainton), a stalwart member of the force, (centre) Katie Johnson, the lady in the case whose innocence of heart foils the crooks, and (right) Peter Sellers as Harry, the "flash Alf" of the gang

Lothario dying, like every member of the crew, for a dame, after fourteen months of duty without shore leave. You will not often see four such perfectly polished performances in one film, so, though it may give you the oddest ideas about discipline in the U.S. Navy, I do urge you not to miss it.

Miss Joan Crawford, in the title-role of *Queen Bee*, buzzes through a gloomful household in the Deep South, flashing those great big eyes, baring those white-cliffs-of-Dover teeth, sowing—and I'm happy to say, reaping—discord. How Miss Crawford does enjoy herself, to be sure, driving her husband, Mr. Barry Sullivan, to drink and her sister-in-law, Miss Betsy Palmer, to suicide.

A POOR relation, Miss Lucy Marlow, has a very thin time of it, with little to do but hang about in dark corners, in a house admirably designed for eavesdropping. Overhearing startling snatches of conversation which convince her that Miss Crawford is an undisguised she-devil, this dreary girl tells Mr. Sullivan he really must come out of his cups and do something about his wife. Reluctantly Mr. Sullivan puts the brandy bottle aside and gives his muddled mind to the matter. He decides that as Miss Crawford is too cunning to let him divorce her, he'll have to kill her and himself, too, leaving his two children orphans and Miss Marlow to fend for herself.

Mr. John Ireland, a friend of the family, guessing Mr. Sullivan's intention, obligingly intervenes and rubs out Miss Crawford at the cost of his own life. Friendship could go no further—and I couldn't have stood another moment of it all.

THE Boulting Brothers' latest picture, *Josephine and Men*, I found disappointing. Mr. Jack Buchanan, twinkling urbanely, tells the story of his niece—a girl whose protective instincts involve her with anyone, such as Mr. Peter Finch and Mr. Donald Sinden, who has a hard-luck story. Mr. Buchanan is an uncle to covet. Exquisitely poised and tailored, he walks through the film on those elegant feet of his, pulls a string here, drops a hint there, and gives a trivial comedy its one touch of sophistication.

—Elsbeth Grant



ALEC GUINNESS as Professor Marcus, the master-mind, whose nefarious schemes come to no good, (centre) "One-Round" (Danny Green), the gang's prize stooge, all brawn and no brain, (right) Cecil Parker as the Major, and successful confidence man



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Television

FAMILY TALENT

LENGTH means as much to a TV programme as to other games. Both B.B.C. and I.T.A. waste many a good thing by giving viewers too much of it or cutting it off too short.

On Saturday the B.B.C. presents Jon Pertwee, whose last show was nearly ruined by being required to fill an hour. Bob Monkhouse, or even Dave King, may do so as compere of a variety show. But Jon Pertwee is an individual droll, a fantastical fellow whose fancy must not be overstrained.

Mr. Pertwee's brother Michael and father, Roland Pertwee, who attended his previous programme, are authors of Sunday's B.B.C. play, *The Paragon*. They have shown themselves masters of TV measure in various forms from the evergreen *Groves* to their efficient melodrama, *Night is Our Friend*.

SO few TV plays deserve the full treatment that, although I welcome *No Other Verdict* to-night as another "live" production by

A.R., it seems rash also to launch into the ninety-minute class. Safer perhaps to stay within the rigid sixty minutes of Sunday's Theatre Royal, *The Game* and the *Onlooker*, with an attractive cast of Wendy Hiller, John Robinson and Joyce Barbour.

COMMERCIAL programmes are kept in some shape by the advertisement "spots" which have proved so surprisingly agreeable. At worst they are harmless—though the "natural break" often startles—and soon over. At best there are the dignified series from the big motor spirit firms. The dreaded "jingles" prove preferable to the phoney domestic dramas of harassed housewives with headache cures or pet detergents. While Friday's "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" has induced in me such boundless goodwill for the shoe store which sponsors it that I am not surprised to find it animated by Halas and Batchelor of *Animal Farm*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone

POLLY PEACHUM ON L.P.

CURRENTLY there are two distinctive performances on records of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," set down through the ægis of His Master's Voice and Argo.

The H.M.V. version plays for 87½ minutes and occupies two 12-in. L.P.s. Argo sets the performance down on three records, playing in all for 107½ minutes. Denis Carey produces for H.M.V., Douglas Cleverdon for Argo.

Those like myself who remember the late Sir Nigel Playfair's enchanting revival at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in the 1920's, will lament, and rightly, that there can be no Long Playing recording of that production, and it is because one recalls so well the performances of Frederick Ranalow, Violet Marquesita, Elsie French and Frederic Austin that it is difficult to accept the employment of different artists for the speaking and singing parts on these recordings.

Argo make one exception with *Mrs. Peachum*, played and sung by Marjorie Westbury, who

outshines H.M.V.'s Constance Shacklock, singing only, the same role, in no uncertain manner.

BUT there is much to be said in favour of the H.M.V. recording, which is technically as good as anything one could wish to hear. Denis Carey has made use of such fine actors as John Neville, Paul Rogers and Robert Hardy, even though their voices do not entirely tally with those of their singing counterparts. He uses, unfortunately I feel, a script that has been very much toned down. This is a pity.

Douglas Cleverdon gives his "Beggar's Opera" much more character, and wisely takes the line that it is not a dish for the squeamish. On the whole, his actors dovetail far more convincingly into their parts than is the case with those similarly employed by H.M.V.

Neither version is complete, and it would be wise, if possible, to hear both before deciding as to which has the greater appeal. (H.M.V. CLP 1052-3. Argo RG 76-8.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Zicky (Baron Studios)

HARRIETTE JOHNS, who was chosen to play the lovely Lady Blakeney in the B.B.C. television production of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."



Denis de Marney

ELEANOR DREW, from *Salad Days*, at the Vaudeville, contributes delightfully to the long-playing record of "The Music of Julian Slade"



The Countess of Mansfield (right) receives a prize from the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Mansfield, watched by the Hon. Vere Eliot, Chairman of the Organising Committee



Mr. Jerome Fenwick and Miss Romaine Capper were inspecting at Claridge's a fascinating toy car, one of the tombola prizes

THE "500" BALL FULFILLED A GLITTERING PROMISE

H. H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE was this year's President of the "500" Ball held in aid of the British Rheumatic Association.

Almost 500 people attended this annual event, which this year offered more attractions than ever—and lived up to them



Miss Angela Kemp and Miss Sheila Rhodes, who were helping the running of the ball



Viscount Stormont and Miss Pamela Foster, whose engagement was announced recently



Mr. Giles Lascelles and Miss Carina Boyle were coin-rolling



Miss Henrietta Crawley, Mr. Peregrine Bertie and Miss Caroline York had all been lucky at the tombola



Mr. John Kenworthy-Browne and Miss Carolyn Hill were successfully fishing for bottles of champagne



Miss Rosemary Garstin, Assistant Secretary of the ball, and Major Ivan Stewart were dancing together



Miss Diana Berge with Mr. Roy S. D. Veal. Dancing at this event went on until 2.30 a.m.

Desmond O'Neill

Standing By

VIVE T. GODDALL!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"ALL fun, of course," a gossip-boy explained hurriedly. He was announcing the forthcoming birth of the Republic of Soho, which is intended to be a native replica—so far as the cops permit—of the long-established Republic of Montmartre, whose current President, M. Labric, is expected to attend the celebrations *en grande tenue*.

That well-publicised Place du Tertre romp has always seemed to us ("You unspeakable cad," said the girl with heaving bosom), slightly conscientious fun, carried on, maybe, like so much of the noted persiflage and diablerie of Gay Paree, with one shrewd eye on the cash-register. However, Soho may take its Republic more lightly, especially if the local hard boys, all fun-lovers, join in, not to mention a myriad mopsies.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
Tuck your knives and guns away . . .

But the Republic should have been thought of before they drove Shaftesbury Avenue bang through Soho and destroyed the sinister charm of a score of little shady nooks and courts and byways. Its first President would clearly have been T. Goddall, of Rupert Street, the handsomest tobacconist in Soho (which was not saying much even then, probably), previously known to the *Almanach de Gotha* as Prince Florizel of Bohemia; deposed for misconduct, 1881. We invite you white men to turn up *The New Arabian Nights* and see what a place for republican fun Soho was in Stevenson's day.

T. Goddall, we salute you. You never dreamed your Suicide Club would become an international institution, chum.

Fracas

"BANAL" is the seemliest word in Chelsea, we discover, for that recent stand-up fight between a couple of Hollywood poppets in the bedroom of a gentleman-friend, on which the more excitable Press

boys lavished illustrated front-page honours.

In Chelsea, a local type was telling us, such incidents are usually far too subtle and momentous to be appreciated by outsiders. For example, he said, if a girl with a dusky neck at a studio-party known as (say) Bussy spits on an abstract nude by her host, a type called (say) Stinker, the ensuing fight is a pure formality. What matters, and leads to furious debate for nights afterwards, is whether Bussy's gesture implied hostile criticism or ecstatic approval of Stinker's reaction to Significant Form, and in either case Stinker may go raving mad. As it says about art boys as a whole in the poem on Andrea del Sarto:

The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils
too . . .

And if you just say nothing at all, in our experience, the Chelsea boys regard it as what the Army calls "dumb insolence," and you may be for it just the same. So keep away from *les Fauves*, white men, especially the hairy kind in duffels. Art is pretty terrible and should be stopped (Ruskin). Art may be all right for some people but it gives me faceache (Pater).

Swabs

"PASSENGERS take charge of the boat and practically order us when to sail," growled the skipper of one of the Gravesend-Tilbury ferries to a Fleet Street boy, explaining current unrest among his crew. And if anyone heard subtle Greek laughter in the air, an educated chap tells us, that would be Slogger Plato, who used this very situation in a fable illustrating the drawbacks of Democracy.

This principle may likewise, it occurs to us, solve that notable American sea-mystery the wreck of the *Hesperus*, whose skipper had taken his little blue-eyed daughter to keep him company. A typical *New Yorker* child, as we see her, chewing bubble-gum on

the bridge with Pop, or Pahp, a dumb old soak addicted to whiskers and applejack. Inevitably, before long, Baby gets restless. Hell, Pahp, caintya get a move on this darned ole tub? Very soon she's running the ship. Say, let's get the hell outa here. Hey, Pete, gimme that rudder. Grab some more sails, Jake. Let's go places, Florida or somewheres. Hell, let's go way round China, whaddyasay? (*Crash.*)

Afterthought

SOUTH COAST sailing-club types have a saying that the two things least needed aboard a yacht are a bicycle and a naval officer. The *Hesperus* probably carried worse. Emerging at night from the hold, in green light, we see a couple of Charles Addams types, a lady butcher with two frightful heads and a mad chartered accountant with great big glowing eyes and fifty coiling tentacles. Well! Whaddyaknow!

Dirge

RIGHTLY or wrongly, we think of calling this piece of verse *Pavane for a Dead Publicity-Hound*, but no matter. Read on.

Mute all the megaphones, muffle the drums,
Leave all the suckers to twiddle their thumbs,
Lay off the layouts and can the campaigns,
Call off the conference, drape all the brains—
Here, like a warrior-saint in repose,
Lies Mr. Glockenspiel, slain by his prose.
Pace past the catafalque, ponder the smile,
Fey and provocative, just like his style;
O, but his end was more pleasing than tragic,
Thus to be felled by his own verbal magic!
Subtly and sweetly his tricksiest tropes
Laid out the master instead of the dopes,
Deaf to all else but the song of the Muse,
Splashing in syntax of Turneresque hues,
Daily he courted more recondite thrills,
Hymning the glories of Put-U-Rite Pills . . .
Till, overhearing a sceptic deride them,
Glockenspiel (still in an ecstasy) *tried them*.



~~~~~BRIGGS . . . by Graham~~~~~







*Mrs. J. Langford-Holt, wife of the M.P. for Shrewsbury, with Mr. M. Spofforth*

*Mrs. Gedge and Mr. J. B. Gedge, chairman of the Society, with Earl Swinton*

## LONDON YORKSHIREMEN MEET

THE forty-second annual dinner of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London was held at the Dorchester Hotel. Above: The Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Devonshire, who is President of the Society and was in the chair, and Sir Gerald Kelly, one of the speakers



*Van Hallan*

*Mrs. Kenneth Nicholson, Mrs. E. A. R. Puplett and Major W. Morris, O.B.E., M.C., of the Society's committee*



*Sir John Woodhead, who is a past chairman of the Society, with Sir Sydney and Lady Frew*



## LONDON VISITOR FROM SPAIN

**SENORITA BLANCA FIGUEROA Y DE BORBON** is the daughter of the Conde and Condesa de Romanones. She lives with her parents at their beautiful homes in San Sebastian and Madrid and has recently been staying in London with friends. Her sister Maria Victoria married the Marquess de Tamarit this year and they spent part of their honeymoon in England



## Priscilla in Paris

# A ROSE-COLOURED PLAY

**T**HERE are far too many Salons in Paris! The *Salon d'Automne* opens on Friday, the *Salon d'Hiver* on Saturday. Lacking the courage to attend two Varnishing Days in succession, I tossed up. The five-franc piece rolled away into a dark corner. I left it for Josephine to find and went to see the Utrillos at the *Hotel de Ville* instead. I missed the party and the speeches and the gold-medal-presentation-to-the-Master that took place when the pictures were officially received by the City Fathers. This was all to the good since I therefore was able to see them in greater tranquillity. There was also a flower-market piece by Lucie Valore, the Master's wife. This will add a blaze of colour to the *Salle des Beaux Arts*, where his immense canvases are to be hung.

**T**HEY represent two street scenes. The first: a snow-bound road in the Grenelle quarter, with the Master's old friend, the Eiffel Tower, in the background. The second: a luminous impression of the upper slope of Montmartre on a summer day . . . luminous, yet strangely sad; and it is because of this feeling of sadness, that seeps through all his work, that one never smiles when Lucie Valore mothers him with such warm and touching appellations as: "my jewel . . ." or "my child husband" that surely sweeps away his memories of what must have been the cruel moments of his far-away childhood.

A few moments after writing the above, I received the very unexpected news of Maurice Utrillo's death, after a short illness, at Dax. It is good to know that his Lucie was with him. The world grieves with her and for her.



At the *Musée de l'Orangerie* the crowd is gratefully queueing up to visit the magnificent exhibition of the masterpieces of French Impressionists that have been loaned to France from the Samuel Courtauld collection. I found one of our most charming Marie-Chantals respectfully agape before Manet's world-famous "Bar aux Folies-Bergère"; she greeted me with one of her prettiest nods (it was also slightly patronising!). "It is like meeting a Real Celebrity in flesh and blood, isn't it?" she remarked, and this, I think, was quite a happy *mot* on the part of a Marie-Chantal.

**A** NEW play by Jean Anouilh is always an event, usually a startling one. Shaw's plays have been labelled "pleasant" and "unpleasant," Anouilh's come under the headings: "black" or "rose-coloured," but whatever their hue one expects a definite vein. If it were not there, one would do one's best to imagine it. In *Ornifle* the vein is an artery; it pulsates so strongly that when Ornifle's over-taxed heart fails him one feels that it is "quite time, too," but one is vexed to find oneself so prim!

Who and what is Ornifle? A great poet or a scribbler of doggerel? An honest lover or a professional Don Juan? A poor devil in quest of love or a libertine? He is all three—and more—in one, and, since he is one of Jean Anouilh's most extravagant brain children, he is terrifying, as are all Hedonists who have lost faith in their doctrine. He is also laughable, which is most uncomfortable; laughter is disarming and one does not want to be disarmed. It is because of this laughter (perhaps "sniggering" would be a better word) that "Ornifle, a comedy in five acts," will be called a rose-coloured play.

And yet there is not a

single character in the whole *dramatis personæ* for whom one can feel sympathy excepting the beautiful, shadowy wife who, disillusioned after two months of marriage, has borne with her husband's infidelities and plays dogsbody in their household. What a household, and what friends! Such as the plain, besotted secretary whom Ornifle tantalises to the verge of madness and the self-made millionaire Machetu, who has trafficked in every shady way and who now runs an old-iron business and . . . three theatres! Ornifle writes salacious lyrics for the revues that are produced by Machetu and, with exactly the same zest, composes Christmas carols for another friend who is a priest. There is a cynical little housemaid who serves his *petit déjeuner* in the bathroom. . . .

**V**ARIOUS small complications abound, such as a young mistress who is about to cause trouble . . . he palms her off on Machetu. . . . A twenty-five-year-old youth who discovers, after his mother's death, that Ornifle is his father and who arrives brandishing a revolver. . . . This is swiftly followed by the advent of the young man's fiancée, who has unloaded the revolver, for why kill a possible, wealthy papa-in-law? She is very, very pretty (the role is played by Jean Anouilh's daughter, Catherine) and Ornifle decides that there may be something in this paternity business after all. The young people will be married—Machetu can foot this bill, too—and while the boy, who is a medical student, continues his studies, Ornifle will play cicerone and introduce his very charming young daughter-in-law to the bright lights of Paris. . . .

Here endeth Act 5. Ornifle's heart failed "off stage" and all was well. I was reminded of the tag that concluded a Christmas pantomime when I was young:

Gentlemen, pray, no violence,  
His sins have found him out  
The rest is silence!

But the box-office telephone of the *Comédie des Champs Elysées* is ringing overtime!

## Les Millions d'Arlequin

● The *Nouvelles Littéraires* informs us that the success of G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion* is so great that Jean Marais has renamed the play *Pygmillions*.





## BIRTHDAY FUN IN CHELSEA

RUPERT, four-year-old son of Col. and Mrs. James Allason, of Cheyne Walk, had an exciting party to celebrate his fourth birthday. Above: The Hon. Ian Macpherson salutes Clarissa Csato Goudi. Below: The Hon. Victoria Mancroft trundles a porter's trolley at this delightful event



The lucky young guests had a Fifth of November "repeat performance" in the garden. Here the Hon. Peter Mond demonstrates sang-froid while holding a truly volcanic dazzler



Van Hallan

Rupert Allason (left centre) with (clockwise) the Hon. Kerena Mond, Charlotte Stirling, Grania de Laszlo, Mark St. George, young Miss Laskey, Corinthia West and Meriel de Laszlo



## Book Reviews

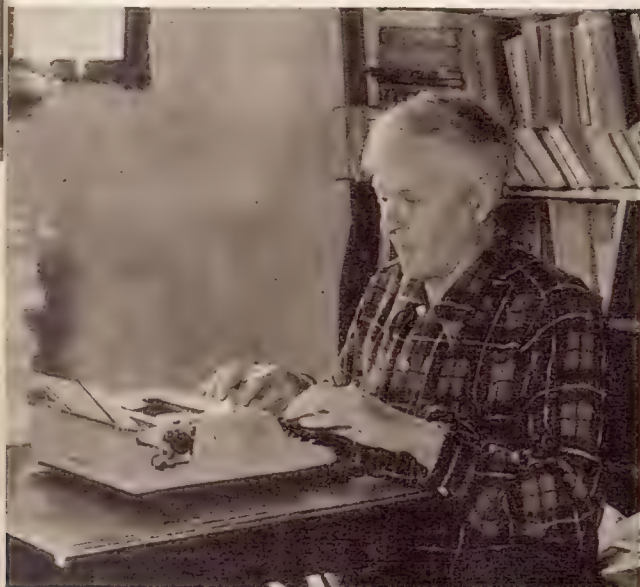
by Elizabeth Bowen

## THE TERRIBLE CONFLICT



Paul Tangueray

KAMALA MARKANDAYA, the Indian author, whose second novel, *Some Inner Fury*, was published by Putnams this month. Her first, *Nectar in a Sieve*, had a great success in America and has also been translated into several European languages



HENRY WILLIAMSON (above), the distinguished West Country writer. His latest book, *A Fox Under My Cloak*, was published by Macdonald this month. Below: Col. J. H. Williams, whose life with elephants in Burma he immortalised in *Elephant Bill*. His home is near Land's End

Clayton Evans



NO book coming from Laurens Van der Post fails to leave a mark, a mark of its own. His writing, whether fiction or not, is always in the nature of exploration (his African travel book of some years ago was well called *Venture to the Interior*, for it was that in more than the spatial sense). Now (from the Hogarth Press, at 8s. 6d.) comes *THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA*. To-day's tense situation in that continent has brought about a spate of Africa books, all informative and many enlightening. Here is, however, one which stands out.

The central and main part of *The Dark Eye in Africa* is a paper read, or talk given, by Colonel Van der Post to a learned society in Zurich, and, subsequently, to others in Europe. The speaker, as his sponsors must have perceived, was uniquely well qualified to speak, and for two reasons—he comes of an ancient Afrikaner family who have been pioneers for centuries; and, he has long shown himself capable of detached approach to a problem round which many passions rage.

"I GAVE the talk," he tells us, "at all times and all places with considerable diffidence. I thought there was some danger that I might merely add to the confusion in a field of trouble which, God knows, is dark enough. I was persuaded, however, to deliver the talk because it was felt that since I was born in Africa I could talk it out of the experience of my own mind and spirit. . . . Later, when I came to consider the question of publication I was even more diffident. In Zurich any confusion I might have caused was discounted by the fact that I was speaking to specialised audiences who had their own technique for separating the wheat from the chaff of meaning. But these safeguards were not likely to exist when the published book was available to any curious reader. However, I decided to agree to publication out of profound conviction that sooner or later something akin to my talk must be put before my countrymen and all those who are interested in Africa if this terrible conflict in which they are engaged is ever to be resolved without disaster."

The "terrible conflict" is, it goes without saying, that between white man and black man, race and race. And the tension, Colonel Van der Post understands, goes deeper and may signify more than even the steadily mounting sum of outrages and violences would suggest. On second thoughts, I cannot but feel that to describe this author's attitude as a "detached" one may be misleading—rather, he is at infinite pains to be dispassionate as to matters on which he entertains passionate (though, at the same time, disinterested) convictions of his own.

He speaks, he (when necessary) argues, with a persistent gentleness born of vision.

Is it not an irony of our age that, while our need of vision grows so vital, to speak as a man, as "a visionary," may mean to more than half dismiss him—or to imply, at least, that he is out of touch with reality? In this case, Colonel Van der Post's information is factual, detailed and manifestly drawn from his own experience.

PART III. of the book, "The Discussion," transcribes the question-and-answer periods which, in Zurich and elsewhere, followed upon the giving of his talk. More than a few of the queries may coincide with those which arise in a reader's mind: therefore, the speaker's answers deserve study. In no case, or so it seems to me, does Colonel

Van der Post dodge an issue, evade a point, or fail to support a generalised statement, when required to do so, by a concrete example. And his audiences were after him pretty closely!

*The Dark Eye in Africa* is a plea for wider, deeper spiritual understanding of man by man. He sees the African race-tension as symptomatic of the internal conflict which to-day, everywhere, torments the human breast. How indeed shall man live at peace with his brother man when man lives

estranged from more than half of himself? The "dark brother," that less-known half of the self, exists inside each individual soul. The enemy of peace is fear—and fear, Colonel Van der Post points out, is the ever-festering root of the race intolerance shown by the Afrikaners, his own people. . . . Nobly Christian in outlook, if not at any one point by direct profession, this book never "takes sides." Apart from its bearing on Africa, it should be read, I think, by all who feel trapped or troubled by our modern predicament, but who yet hope no problem may be insoluble.

★ ★ ★

ROMAN WALL, by Bryher (Collins; 10s. 6d.), gives a second example of this author's power not merely to reconstruct but to "raise" the past. Of her former novel, *The Fourteenth of October*, I am reminded that I (in these pages) said: "This is far from being a historical novel in the usual sense; it is far more as though the author were setting down an intense experience lived through in a former life." And, in essence, this stays true of *Roman Wall*. Here, admittedly, the view-point is not confined to one single person—we have no equivalent of the Saxon lad who, in 1066, beheld the Norman invasion. But the group of civilised characters who, in *Roman Wall*, await the onslaught of the barbarians, are each of them vividly near to us in feeling.





Yes, by turns, reader, you'll find you become identified with Valerius, the commander of the outpost, with Julia, his reserved sister, dominated by deep love of her home, with Demetrius the timid yet wise Greek trader, with Veria, Julia's tomboy adopted daughter, and with the boy Nennius, anxious to carry arms and to see the world. The sights, sounds and smells which surround these people (and others in the story) invade *your* senses; the current hopes, fears, daydreams and anxieties become more real to you than your own. The scene is Rome's Helvetia, to us Switzerland; the year A.D. 265.

The "Roman Wall" of the story is not a thing of stone. Nothing concrete is present to hold back, from the farther side of the Rhine, the savage hordes of the Alemanni (Germans)—already raiding, and likely at any moment to sweep down over Helvetia in full force. The Roman military defences, and, still worse, military prestige, are, even in this particular year, crumbling. Galerien, Emperor, so far seems ineffective—could there but be, on the Rhine, one decisive victory, and the barbarians, chastened, would be halted! As it is, the wiping out of Roman Helvetia seems to be but a matter of time.

It is with something more than passivity that our characters await not only their own doom but the extinction of everything they stand for. Courage and an inviolable dignity make great Valerius and Julia. Marcus, the widowed Julia's suitor, may be a dull man, yet he has voiced what the other characters feel in saying: "It is hard to be a Roman, but if we keep the laws, they are a wall around us that no enemy can pierce." Can we not recall a point in our own destiny when we were sustained by a like spirit?

*Roman Wall* is not, for all its background of tension, a sombre novel. Indeed, the contrary: it is charged with a love of life. Below the terraces of the Villa Orba, brilliant wild-flowers outbid the colours of the peeling frescoes and cracked mosaics. Dear to Julia, a cool little fountain drips; cut hay makes sweet the air of the valley. Valerius recalls the youthful passion, which, no less enchanting than it was injudicious, had cost him the best part of his career—and meanwhile Veria, rustic nymph, is ever adoringly at his elbow! The story is taut with action, bright with endeavour; and, in spite of all, it has a happy ending.

★ ★ ★

**M**Y BONES AND MY FLUTE, by Edgar Mittelholzer (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is sub-titled "A Ghost Story in The Old-fashioned Manner." It's a ghost story stretched to full novel length, and has the interest of showing the development of characters under a supernatural ordeal—for the "manifestations" take place over a term of time. The scene, British Guiana, is vivid and interesting, and the up-river jungle atmosphere lends itself, very tellingly, to the uncanny.

The story is told, in the first person, by a young man, an amateur painter, who accompanies his friends the Nevinsons (father, mother and daughter) on a trip which has more purpose than meets the eye. A hideous spell is at work and has to be broken—a long-dead Dutchman, dabbler in the occult, had set it going. . . . I reacted considerably to *My Bones and My Flute*, though largely, I think, owing to Mr. Mittelholzer's literary skill—the story itself (to be quite frank) never at any one point terrified me as totally as it should have. In my view, the tension would have been greater had it been more concentrated. None the less, here's a sterling work of imagination.

(Continued on page 524)



THE SELECTIVE EYE (Zwemmer; 45s.) is a miscellany of articles from *L'Œil*, the European art magazine. It is a magnificent production, with many fine coloured plates. The monochrome of "A Girl in a Turban," by Parmagianino, reproduced here, comes at the beginning of the chapter on "The Italian 'Manner,'" and illustrates the fashion of a time—the sixteenth century—that strove more for elegance than for realism.



## WHEN THE COLD WIND BLOWS

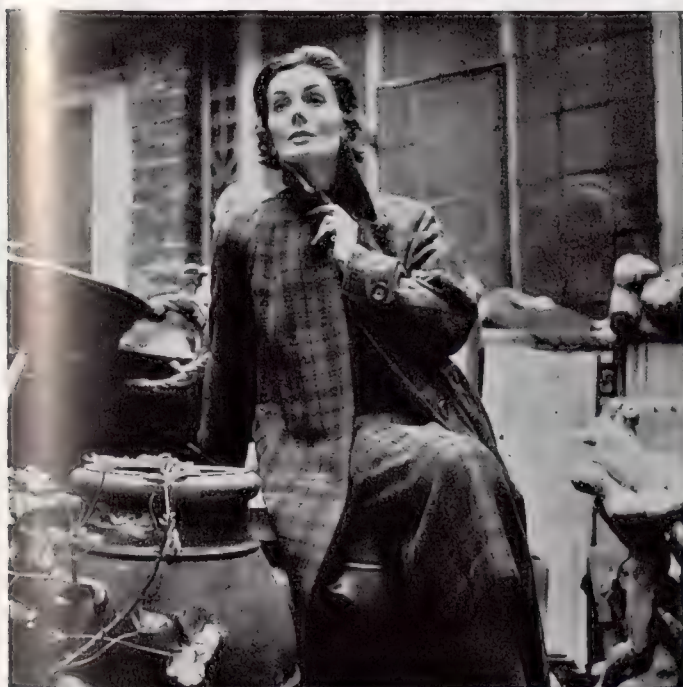
THIS winter has proved a vintage year for really excellent overcoats at all price ranges. First-class materials in the softest and subtlest of colours have been made up into coats tailored with the plainness and elegance at one time only associated with couturier models. We show here eight coats, which vary between town formality and country ease, photographed against the fascinating welter of Mr. Koch's Bloomsbury antique shop. The hats are by Gaby Louise.—MARIEL DEANS

Below : Soft, fur-like pile makes this nylon furleen coat incredibly warm and cosy. Perfect for winter walks in the country, its very deep wrap makes it an excellent car coat, too. An Astraka model, it is sold by Swan and Edgar





*Right:* A semi-fitted, three-quarter length town coat in marigold orange wool and camel cloth by Rensor. Notice its low-placed slanting pockets, the set-in sleeves and good plain buttons. At Dickins and Jones soon



*Top:* M. & S. Haar make this beautiful vivid green velour cloth coat with its swept-across front fastening high with a single button. From Woollands

*Above:* Ledux make this slim, straight hanging coat, with a skirt to wear under it, of a Black Watch tartan in a pure wool material. Made in several tartans. From Harrods' Budget Shop







Continuing —

When the cold wind blows

## FOUR COATS FOR THE WINTER WEATHER

*Above left:* A beautifully plain, fitted coat of very dark grey cover coating. Double breasted, with broad revers and low placed pockets, it is an Asta model from Marshall & Snelgrove

*Above:* A coat by "Country Life" made of heavy Scottish tweed in a red and black mixture. Notice the second collar set back from the neck. It comes from Dickens & Jones





*Above right:* Derita's apricot-coloured fitted coat is double breasted and has a high collar that is a snug protection against winter winds. Made of a knobby wool, it comes from D. H. Evans

*Right:* A comfortable country coat by Selincourt made of a brown and white mixture tweed with a cosy collar of brown nutria. It is sold by Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street





Peter Clark



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

By MARIEL DEANS



INCREDIBLY light and warm, this top-coat, jacket, skirt and blouse, all made of pure cashmere, make one of the best teams of country clothes we have found for a long time. Pure cashmere can never be cheap, but Wetherall also makes these garments in a doeskin and cashmere mixture at a considerably lower figure. Below, right, the top-coat, made of reversible cashmere cloth—snuff brown on one side, snuff and beige check on the other—is shown worn over a check jacket and plain skirt of the same material. The coat is a Wetherall four-ways model which means you can have a lot of fun with the belt, changing the look of the coat completely. It costs about 39½ guineas. Left: the suit shown without the coat. The snuff and beige match-box jacket with its neat turn-over collar is worn with a plain snuff-coloured skirt which has its two inverted pleats edged with the check material. The jacket costs approximately 35 guineas, the skirt about 22½ guineas. Opposite: the lightweight beige cashmere sweater blouse is made in a classic shirt-waist style with three-quarter-length sleeves. It costs about 11½ guineas; in other fabrics, 7½ guineas. This photograph shows the checked waistband of the snuff-coloured skirt

## AN EXCELLENT TEAM OF COUNTRY CLOTHES





Jaeger LeCoultre 9-carat gold watch on heavy bracelet of beautiful design. Winding button concealed at back of case. Price £111. Fob watch and ear-ring suite in two-colour 9-carat gold by Jaeger LeCoultre in handsome presentation case. Price £102. All from Tyme, Ltd., of New Bond Street, W.1

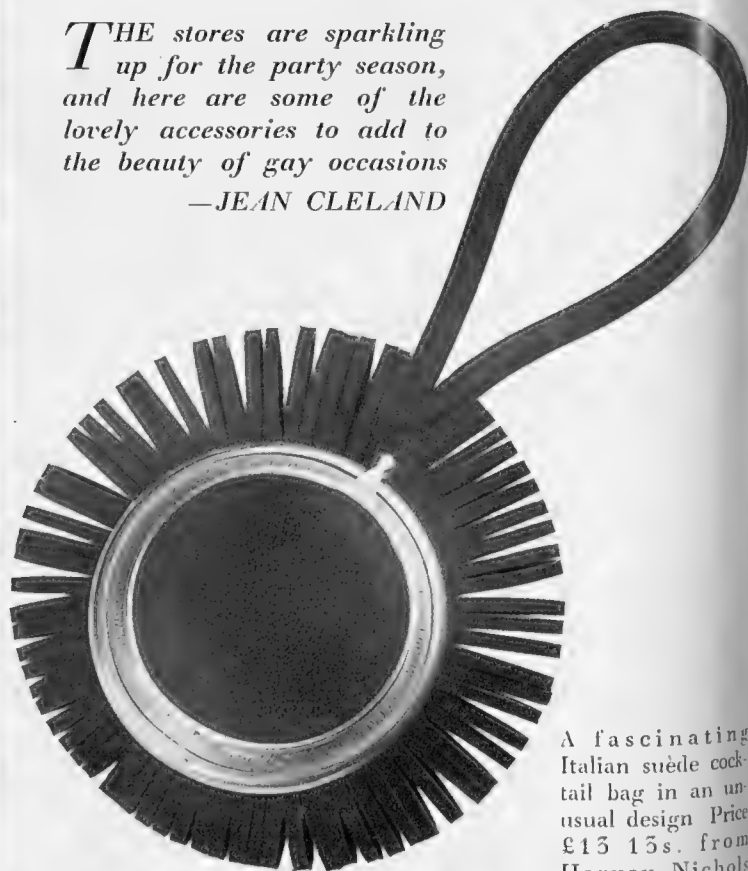
A cashmere hand-bag in Paisley design. Various colours. Price £9 19s. 6d., purse with double frame, price £1 7s. 6d. Both from Harvey Nichols



## Lustre is added

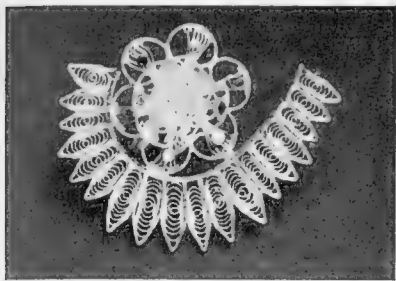
THE stores are sparkling up for the party season, and here are some of the lovely accessories to add to the beauty of gay occasions

—JEAN CLELAND



A fascinating Italian suede cocktail bag in an unusual design. Price £13 15s. from Harvey Nichols





Indian filigree silver ear-ring, very light and dainty. Price £1 4s. 6d. the pair from French, of London



Described as "the smallest sprays in the world" these, similar to a lipstick in shape and size, are from Paris. Black enamel £2 12s. 6d; gilt from £2 19s. 6d. Woollands



From a collection of French bags this one, which is black with gold beads, costs £8 8s., from Harvey Nichols



An Italian black satin evening bag. Price £12 12s., from Harvey Nichols

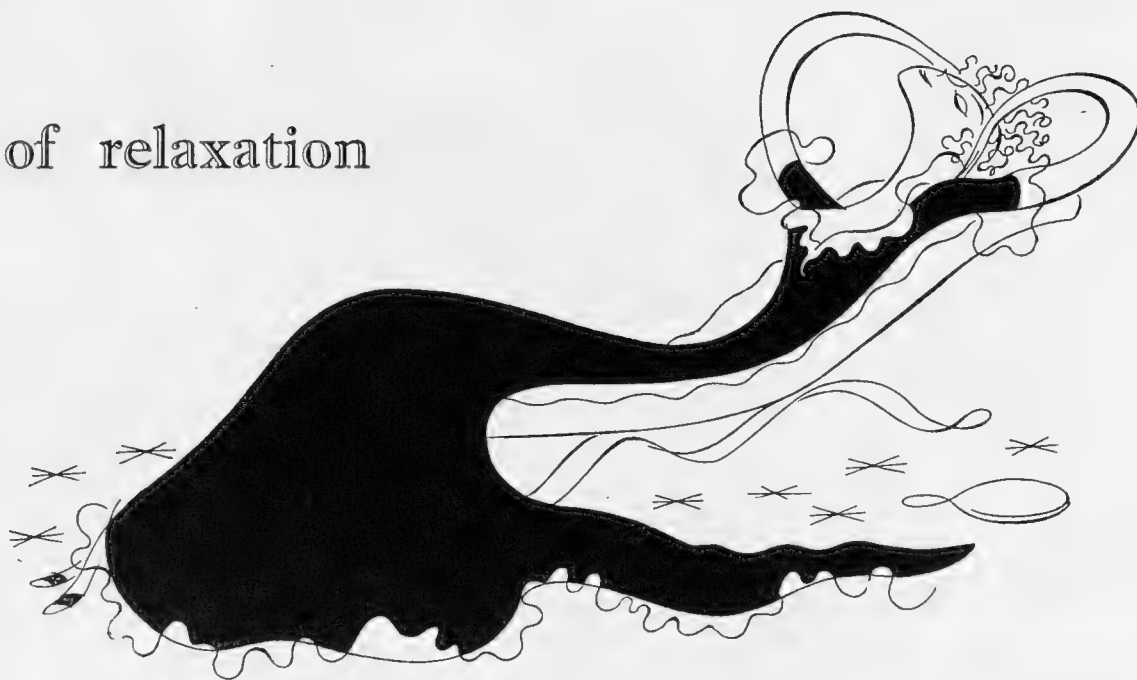


Left: Necklace and ear-rings set in blue, red and amber glass beads with simulated pearls and rhinestones. Price £8 8s. the set, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



## Beauty

## The art of relaxation



ONE of the most difficult things in this age of speed and tension is to know how to relax. In our race to keep up with the pace of life as it is lived today we get taut and wound up, and this produces a look of strain that is infinitely ageing. Most of the time nervous tensing of the muscles is quite unconscious, yet, if it persists, the effect on the looks and the health is far-reaching. It can disturb the digestion and produce a feeling of fatigue that is hard to combat. This, in time, all shows in the face. It furrows the forehead and makes the mouth hard, and sometimes even grim.

"If one could only get a woman to relax properly," a specialist once said to me, "she would look years younger almost immediately. It is paramount to giving the looks and the body a complete holiday."

How to do it? How to unwind oneself sufficiently to smooth out the lines and release all that nervous contraction? To do it successfully is much harder than it sounds, but it CAN be done if one is willing to learn.

ALWAYS on the search for up-to-date and worthwhile treatments, I heard of a salon where women are being taught to relax, with astonishingly good results. Several whom I know have been there, and all assure me that after a course of treatments they feel as if they had been made over anew. Looking at them, I could well believe it, and, convinced that this is a subject of vital interest to us all, I went along to the salon to talk with the presiding expert, Delia Collins.

In order to relax a muscle, Miss Collins believes that it is necessary to know it. To be familiar with it, and learn something about it; where it starts and ends, and what goes wrong when it does not work properly. To make it work is often more simple than to make it relax. As, for example, it is easier to make a frown than to take it away. "When I give a treatment," Miss Collins said, "I explain where the muscle is, how it functions, how it looks when it is contracted, and how it looks when it is relaxed. I also tell my clients what constitutes a normal healthy muscle, and to what forms of stimulus it responds."

To listen to this knowledgeable woman talk on a subject to which she has given years of concentrated study, is fascinating. To attempt to put even the fringe of it down on paper is difficult, since to understand the various processes one has to be shown. Here, however, are two points of special interest. "There is," says Miss Collins, "a great difference between muscle tone and muscle

tension. It is nervous tension that causes the muscles of expression surrounding the mouth to be set and rigid and the eye muscles puckered. Relaxation of the facial muscles must at first be conscious, but after a time the bad habit of tensing the expression can be broken and the client taught how really to relax."

"WHAT," I asked, "takes place when a client comes for a treatment?" To which Miss Collins replied that the treatment is both practical and psychological. "As a rule," she said, "the women who come to me are strung up and suffering from strain. This may be due to worry or overwork, or just the exigencies of a busy life. So, first of all, I try very tactfully to find out something about them. Their age, their general health, the conditions under which they are living. I do this for two reasons: First, because talking to a sympathetic listener helps them to relax. Second, because when it comes to tension, it is helpful if one can discover what caused it. Having found out the cause, the next step is to treat and relieve the resulting tension."



Miss Delia Collins applies the scientific side of her special relaxation treatment which includes working on the muscles with a most soothingly mild electric current

The practical side of the treatment is as follows: The client (having undressed) lies on a couch (or long treatment chair) and relaxes under the comforting and enveloping warmth of a big radiant heat lamp. While she is doing this, her face is thoroughly cleansed, because Miss Collins feels that it is easier to relax when the face is clear of make-up. More especially because nervous people often make up far too heavily. They get worried and then keep adding a little more and a little more.

Cleansing is followed by massage with whatever cream is most suitable. The cream is left on the face for the heat to drive it in.

NEXT comes the scientific part of the treatment, which starts with a little explanatory talk to the client about muscles, after which Miss Collins works on each muscle with a soothingly mild electric current. This alternately contracts and relaxes each one in turn—those on the forehead, those round the eyes and the muscles of the mouth, which are made up of the mixing and intermingling of all the muscles of expression which run from various parts of the face into the lips. When the current has done a certain amount of contracting and relaxing, Miss Collins tells the client to try and do the same thing herself. Only by tensing a muscle can it be taught to relax.

When the face has been dealt with, Miss Collins next concentrates on the body, going all over it very slowly, and explains meantime how the muscles work. By means of the electric current, she gently raises the arms and the legs, and then drops them down again. The current is then turned off and the client told to lift and drop the arms and legs for herself.

LASTLY comes a little talk about the abdominal muscles, including some others that control the figure. The client is shown how to move them and how to control them and hold them in the correct position. She is also shown how to relax them when she is resting.

Some muscles that are very tense, especially those at the back of the neck and down the spine, can be best loosened up with suction, which as you see is being applied in the picture.

For good effect, a course of six treatments is recommended, although in some cases it may be necessary to have a few more. By the end of the course, the muscles have become sufficiently re-educated for the client to relax or tense them at will. Everything, in short, is under control.

—Jean Cleland



*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

**Bradleys**

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Bradleys coat of natural raccoon



## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Stourton—Lambart.** The marriage took place recently at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Major Michael Stourton, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Hon. John and Mrs. Stourton, of Withington Court, Cheltenham, and Lady Joanna Lambart, youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan and of Joan Countess of Cavan



**Ryan—Boyd.** Capt. M. Ulton Ryan, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Mr. M. Ryan, and Dr. Mary Ryan, of Radwell, Seaford, Sussex, married Miss Elizabeth Boyd, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Dennis Boyd, R.N. (retd.) and Lady Boyd, of Ashridge House, Hertfordshire, in the Chapel at Ashridge House



**Raynar—Butler.** Mr. Geoffrey Kenneth Raynar, second son of the late Mr. J. B. Raynar, and of Mrs. Raynar, of Bilton Hall, York, married the Hon. Sarah Ann Butler, only daughter of Viscount Mountgarret, and of Elizabeth Viscountess Mountgarret, of Shepherds House, Shepherd Street, London, W.1, at St. Robert's Catholic Church, Harrogate

**Ellingworth—Roach.** Mr. W. V. Ellingworth, younger son of the late Mr. Vincent Ellingworth, of Melbourne, Australia, and of Mrs. R. M. Evans, of Elms Road, Leicester, married Miss Shirley Roach, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roach, of Sicklinghall Grange, nr. Wetherby, Yorks, at the Roman Catholic Church, Sicklinghall



**Onslow—Greenway.** Mr. John Roger Wilnot Onslow, only son of Sir Richard and Lady Onslow, of Casa Onslow, Birzebbugia, Malta, married Miss Catherine Zoia Greenway, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Greenway, of the Manor, Compton Abdale, nr. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, at St. Mary's, Cheltenham



**Brudenell—Manningham-Buller.** Mr. Edmund Crispin George Brudenell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brudenell, of Deene Park, Corby, Northants, married Miss Marion Cynthia Manningham-Buller, eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, M.P., the Attorney-General, and Lady Manningham-Buller, of Green's North Court, Towcester, Northants, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



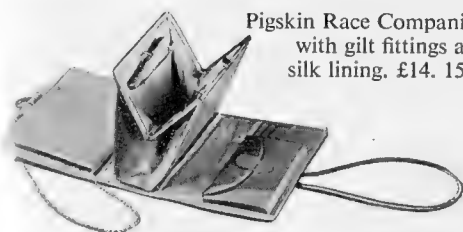
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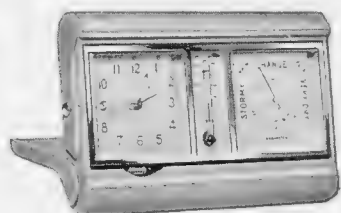
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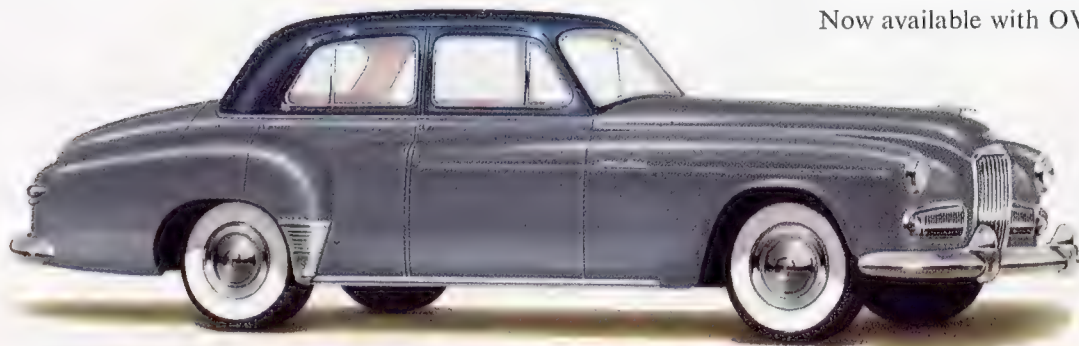
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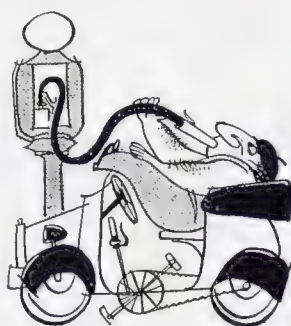
## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# Phut-Phut, Buzz-Buzz and Moped

WIDELY divided in place and pattern, the Scottish Motor Exhibition and the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show, at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, and at Earls Court respectively, may be looked upon as the final gestures of the business side of motoring this year. Duty called me to Scotland, for two years have passed since there was a motor show there and more than two hundred cars were exhibited, but there were the Royal Automobile Club's veteran car run and the novelties of the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show to hold me in London.

There could be no doubt about the liveliness of the Earls Court event. The makers of two-wheelers are nothing if not enterprising and the 180 exhibitors had a range of machines extending from the push-bike through the ascending elaboration of the clip-on phut-phut, the built-in buzz-buzz, the pop-bottle unit and the moped, to the larger scooters and motor cycles. (Note that there is no lack of novelty in the names.) I think that there were nine British mopeds at the show, all with engines of less than 50 c.c. capacity.



"Quickly" of which model it is claimed that 20,000 are on the road although it was only introduced to this country a year ago. This has a two-speed gearbox worked from the handlebars and the fuel consumption claimed for it is between 160 and 180 miles to the gallon. It is certain that, although the clip-on phut-phut and the built-in buzz-buzz are by no means dead, the moped is sweeping into popularity at a prodigious rate.

And now I shall have to be careful not to allow motor cycle show terminology to intrude itself in my reports on motor cars. Mopedalism and the more magnificent motor cars might not consort well together. And in any event it would be necessary to append to my article a glossary of terms!

MOST of the cars listed for the Scottish Motor Show were mentioned here during the period of the London show. Glancing through the catalogue—for I should repeat that I was not able to visit the Kelvin Hall—I see the names of Alvis, Austin, Bentley, Citroën, Daimler, Ford, Jaguar, Morris, Rover, Singer, Standard, Sunbeam, Volkswagen and Vauxhall. There was also the commercial vehicle section.

The only private car chassis (again I am going by the programme) on show in the Kelvin Hall was that of the Singer Hunter 75. This has a one and a half litre, four-cylinder engine of new design with the highly desirable twin overhead camshaft. There are two carburettors and the whole of the Hunter specification supports the high performance figures that are claimed for this model. A useful feature of the Scottish Show lists is that they give in convenient form the latest price figures, taking into account recent Government action.

CENSORSHIP in Great Britain does not confine itself to sex and religion. It intrudes into almost everything, and it is, in my view, always undesirable and usually dangerous. For instance the censorship which cuts out the harrowing parts of big game hunting yet allows the cinema and television screens to

show the rest is falsifying the picture. Likewise the censorship is to be condemned which shows a film of a motor race and cuts those parts which show an accident in progress. Censorship, in these instances, is a form of lying.

It follows that the true film account of Le Mans 1955 is a document of the greatest interest and importance. One might go so far as to say that those who have not seen it are not in a position to pronounce finally on the race. The British Racing Drivers' Club arranged a presentation in London the other day of the film, which is called *Jaguar At Le Mans 1955* and, so doing, performed a valuable duty to motor sport. It also gave those who were there a full and brilliantly photographed story of the race.

Six cameramen—so I was told—were employed by Random Films Ltd., in obtaining the sequences and one of them narrowly escaped with his life as Macklin's car, struck by the ill-fated Mercédès, hurtled past him out of control.

IT was good to see a few sharp exchanges in Parliament about the rate at which road work is proceeding. Our authorities have no idea of speed in the matters of road repairs or road construction. They think in terms of years when they ought to be thinking in terms of weeks and days. Let it be hoped that Members of Parliament will continue to harp on this subject until the Minister of Transport is persuaded to take more vigorous action. One might paraphrase Drake and say that it is not the planning of a new road that is of merit, but its completion.

FINALLY I must return to that magnetic subject of mopeds. Mercury Industries, Ltd. have developed an important new moped model with a four-stroke engine. We all know the merits of two-strokes; but we all know also their failings; and those failings are not negligible. The four-stroke idles more sweetly and is, on the whole, a more certain starter.

The Mercury moped is called the "Mercette" and has an engine of 48 c.c. with overhead valves. It is a "square" engine, with bore equal to stroke, and it develops two brake horsepower. This gives a speed of thirty-seven miles an hour and the astonishing fuel consumption (I quote the manufacturer's figure) of 240 miles to the gallon. The Mercette moped has a two-speed gearbox.

Thus we see a considerable effort to develop the moped and to give it the qualities of smooth-running, quiet and easy idling and certain starting that are the essentials of modern motor vehicles.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON (right) presents Stirling Moss with a special gold medal for his international racing achievements, at the B.A.R.C. dinner



## DINING IN

### Grilling the impossible!

**T**HIS week, on my butcher's suggestion, I grilled a piece of beef skirt which, as you know, is a wonderfully flavoured midriff or inner cut with coarsish long-grained flesh. It is usually braised or used for steak and kidney puddings. But to grill or fry it—never! When he insisted that the particular piece of skirt was from the very best Angus catle and that it could be grilled successfully—and when I realized that the cost was only 3s. 6d. a pound as against 9s. for fillet—I gave in and did grill a piece. It was voted excellent—juicy and with much more flavour than fillet steak, but not quite so tender. Still, the cost and flavour offset the slightly firmer texture of the meat.

**I**F your butcher deals only in top-grade beef, I suggest that you grill a piece of skirt. You cannot very well go wrong with meat of first-class quality. But do try, too, my own way with beef skirt. Get a nice wide piece (relieved of that parchment-like tissue) and enough streaky fresh pork to make sufficient stuffing for it. Pass the pork through your mincing-machine and season it well. Add 2 to 3 chopped prunes and a chopped small tart apple. Spread the mixture on the beef skirt and roll up lengthwise so that when finally it is cut up, it can be sliced across the grain. Tie it into shape and place it in a bowl with about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint red wine. Leave it there for several hours, turning it now and again. Drain, then fry all over in butter in a deep iron casserole. Add the wine in which the meat was steeped, cover and braise for 3 hours at a low temperature.

If you like them as much as I do, fry a sliced large Spanish onion with the meat in the first place and add also 1 to 2 sliced large green or red sweet peppers. The sauce which results is not over-generous in quantity, but it makes up for that in quality, and it need not be thickened. If, however, you want a larger amount of sauce and wish to thicken it, add about a cupful of hot water or stock with the wine and, just before serving, stir in up to a dessertspoon of cornflour, blended with a little water.

**I** WAS invited recently to see a quite new form of icing which seems to me to be something which all women who like to bake cakes for their families would find irresistible. It is called "Satin Icing" and has been developed in the kitchens of the Stork Margarine Cookery Service.

This is how it is made: Melt together 4 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 oz. Stork margarine over a low heat. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sieved icing sugar and again stir over a low heat, without even simmering, until the sugar is dissolved. Then, from the time that the outside edges of the mixture begin to simmer, cook for two minutes only until the whole surface boils gently.

A word of warning: If this time is exceeded, the resulting paste will be difficult to manipulate, because it will be too hard.

Remove from the heat, stir in another  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sieved icing sugar and beat well with a wooden spoon. Turn into a mixing bowl and work in sufficient icing sugar, 1 to 2 tablespoons at a time, to make a mixture the consistency of a soft dough. (This will probably amount to an extra 4 oz. sugar.)

Turn on to a board and knead as if for a dough for bread. The more it is kneaded, the whiter and more pliable it will become. At this stage, the paste is ready to be rolled out as thinly as desired and used to top cakes or biscuits or even to make fondants.

**T**O ice a cake: Using the tin itself as a pattern, cut out the required shape of thin paste. Brush the surface of the cake with apricot purée, place the icing on top and press it just enough to make it adhere. If the sides of the cake are also to be iced, roll out the paste to a long narrow strip and cut out a piece the width and circumference of the sides. It is easier to apply if the strip is then cut into three pieces. Brush the surface with apricot purée and press the pieces to the cake. The joins can be quickly made invisible by pinching them together with the finger and thumb.

This icing can be tinted any shade desired. Pinch off as much of it as you need, dip a skewer into a bottle of the chosen culinary colouring and then into the centre of the paste. Knead it well in so that the tinting is uniform.

Roses, lilies, daisies, little animals—all sorts of attractive decorations—can be moulded with the paste.

—Helen Burke



Harcourt

**VICTOR OF THE WELLINGTON CLUB** has been in clubs all his professional life—from the Paradise in the early thirties, to Murray's in 1945, and then to the Albany. Eventually he bought the Wellington which he completely redecorated, with considerable improvements from the gastro-nomic point of view



Ivon de Wynter

## DINING OUT

### Parties, parties everywhere

**R**ECENTLY I invited George Rainbird, Robert Stent and Andre Simon, all gastronomes of repute, to lunch at the Wellington Club in Knightsbridge. The bait offered was that I would produce three wines from France, two of which they had never heard of, and none of which they had ever experienced.

I left the matter of food to the chef, Jack Levy, with the expected result; the melon, *sole Veronique*, and the *Carré d'Agneau Rôti* were perfection.

For wines, we started off with Vin Fou (rosé), a very light and effervescent affair from Arbois in the Jura. This was followed by a Tervigny (blanc) a "vin de pays provenant de Canton de Beaufort-Jura," bottled in flagons. To everyone's surprise I uncorked this myself at the table by the simple process of breaking the seal and unscrewing the metal top. This wine proved to be quite satisfactory, unusual, and of some strength, as was the wine that followed—Tervigny (rouge), bottled in the same manner, a pleasant full-bodied wine with some affinity to Burgundy.

Victor Ledger, who runs the Wellington, had been a trifle nervous about the whole affair and had prepared, for a possible emergency, a bottle of Chambertin (Domaine Louis Latour) Cuvée Héritiers Latour 1929, which I must confess, although the emergency did not arise, we consumed with great delight accompanied by some excellent Stilton and Cheddar cheese.

**W**ITH the coffee we chose Cognac Grande Champagne 1836, J. Calvet & Co. The year 1836 was one unknown to the persons present and of such a great age as to cause exciting speculation concerning the Cognac's condition and quality. This proved to be excellent and we went on our way replete, interested, amused and rejoicing. It was a gay little party.

**T**HE next party I went to was not only gay but gigantic, an absolute riot of bonhomie and enjoyment on a very lavish scale.

Once again Pimm's Academy opened its Christmas Term at the Red House in Bishopsgate, and once again more than three hundred respectable and successful gentlemen of business gathered together wearing their different coloured school caps (mostly too small) and extraordinary salmon pink ties, the colours of the caps indicating to which House they belonged, such as the Gin House, Whisky House, Rum House, etc.

Headmaster Finney in mortar board and gown complete with cane darted about keeping some semblance of order, while the "boys," immediately the opening speech and cabaret were over, fell upon the festive boards which were literally groaning under the weight of an astonishing mass of food, to aid the digestion of which there was every possible kind of drink from Pimms No. 1 to a fine choice of white and red wines.

**W**HAT a motley of personalities was present from north, south, east and west, all with buttons on the fronts of their caps, one for each year they had attended. Proud indeed were those with a dozen or more. There was Alejandro Cassinello from his Spanish office in South Molton Street and Francisco de la Riva from his bodega in Spain; there was John Gapp of Gapps Stores, O. G. Goring from the Goring, and Charles Gardner of John Gardner's; the Embersons had deserted their wine lodges and Bill Bentley his oyster beds. There was Angus Charrington from Charringtons; Eddie Tatham from Justerini & Brooks and "Tubby" Ionides from Percy Fox, Leslie Seyd of Bouchard Père, Ralph Boursot of Calvet, and "Boxer" Sewell of Curtis; in fact all the doyens of the wine and spirit trade.

The great stores were represented by "Ricky" Maddox from Fortnum & Mason, John Cartwright from Harrods and R. C. Luxon from Selfridge's. Paul Adam had deserted the White City and Guy Bracewell-Smith his luxury hotels. Alfred Lagenbach was there in person as was Percy Garon of Garons from London's playground, Southend-on-Sea.

There were another 310 people present whom I have not mentioned. What a party!

—I. Bickerstaff





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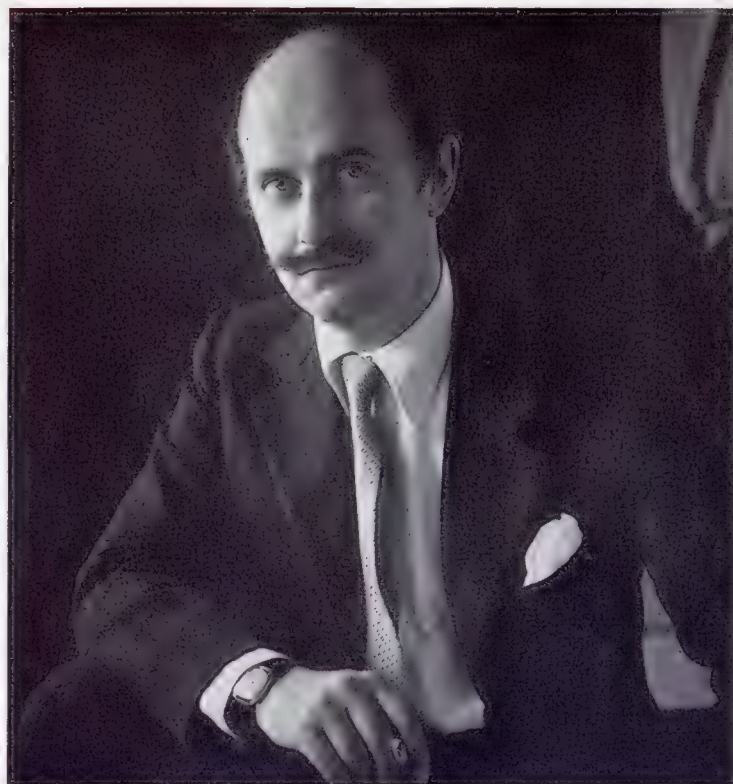
## Helena Rubinstein SILK MINUTE MAKE-UP in new sparkling 'jewelled' case!

Who wouldn't be thrilled to have this precious Christmas gift of Silk Minute Make-up! Helena Rubinstein, beauty's first lady, blends her real silk foundation and powder into one marvellous cosmetic that smooths on in a minute, turns shadows to light, pallor to warmth, conceals flaws and fine lines with a soft silken finish. And because Silk Minute Make-up is silk, it never dries or masks... gives your skin a luminous alive look... with the glow of a young girl in love! Five entrancing shades. Presented for Christmas in a fabulous new gilt case, set with flashing 'gems', elegant as a piece of jewellery. In presentation box, 29/-. Also crystal pink pack 10/6.

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HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 3 GRAFTON ST., LONDON, W.1. PARIS. NEW YORK.



HULME CHADWICK, the eminent industrial designer, has been in charge of the overall design for the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall. A long list of his achievements includes that of head of the Camouflage Department at the Air Ministry from 1938-45

### Book Reviews [Continuing from page 505]

## Experiment in the macabre

THE UNQUIET SPIRIT, by Marguerite Steen (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a brief and brilliant experiment with the macabre. How does it feel, how does it affect one's character, to suspect that one may be descended from a witch—and a witch of a very repulsive kind? This is the situation of Arnold Lewes, enigmatic but lovable former school-friend of Lord Wittenham—a youngish peer who relates the story. Wittenham, having lost touch with Arnold, get mixed up with him inside a revolving door, and an invitation is the result. During a steamy weekend in the Thames Valley, terrifying drama comes to a head.

What has accounted, Wittenham wonders, for the change in Arnold? Once an aesthete, he has become a stockbroker: his domestic surroundings are almost definitely prosaic. Why is Arnold's wife Fabienne—a wonderfully depicted character!—once beautiful, now so worn-down and tense? And why is their son, Dominick John, such a dazzling but devilish little monster? And Violet Andrews, left-over from Arnold's youth—why does she still adhere to the Lewes family...? To summarize the happenings would be to spoil them: I can only say that, with nerves tingling, I was held spellbound by *The Unquiet Spirit*—this is yet one more of Miss Steen's triumphs!

★ ★ ★

MAJOLLIKA AND COMPANY (André Deutsch, 7s. 6d.) is a story for young children, by Wolf Mankowitz. The tale—from which are inseparable the winning illustrations by Heather Standring—is lively, and parts of it are delightful. Though I must say I wonder, with all respect, whether the author of *A Kid For Two Farthings* writes quite so originally for children as he does for grown-ups. But this may be because Majollika is a golliwog, and your reviewer cannot but be haunted by the superb Golliwog Books of her own childhood. Nor, when it comes to the squirrel world, can she quite cease to sigh for Beatrix Potter.

Uffa Fox, in the revised edition of *CREST OF THE WAVE* (Peter Davies, 16s.), writes with all the zest for life, the wit and the individuality which characterizes this great man of the sea through his brilliant achievements as designer, boat-builder and mariner of mariners.  
D. N.





*Elaborately ornamented dirk worn by officers of the Cameron Highlanders, the famous Scots Regiment, on full dress occasions. The stones are cairngorms.*



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**SCOTCH**

*Spey Royal*

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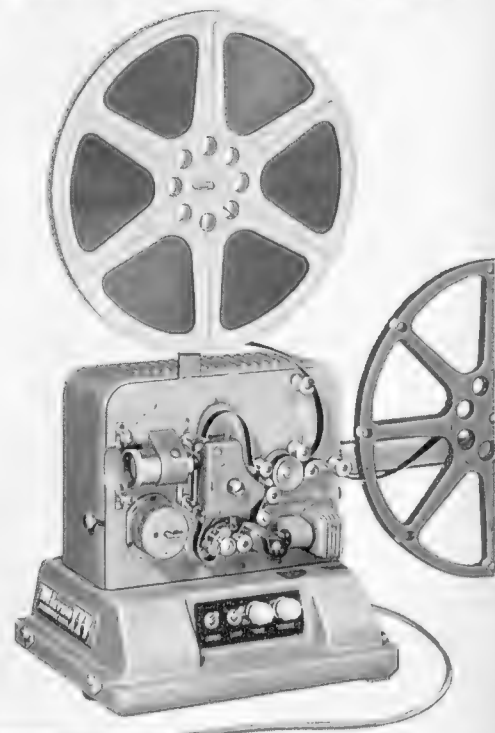
## 25 *Pride of Lions* (incl. roar) in his week-end suitcase

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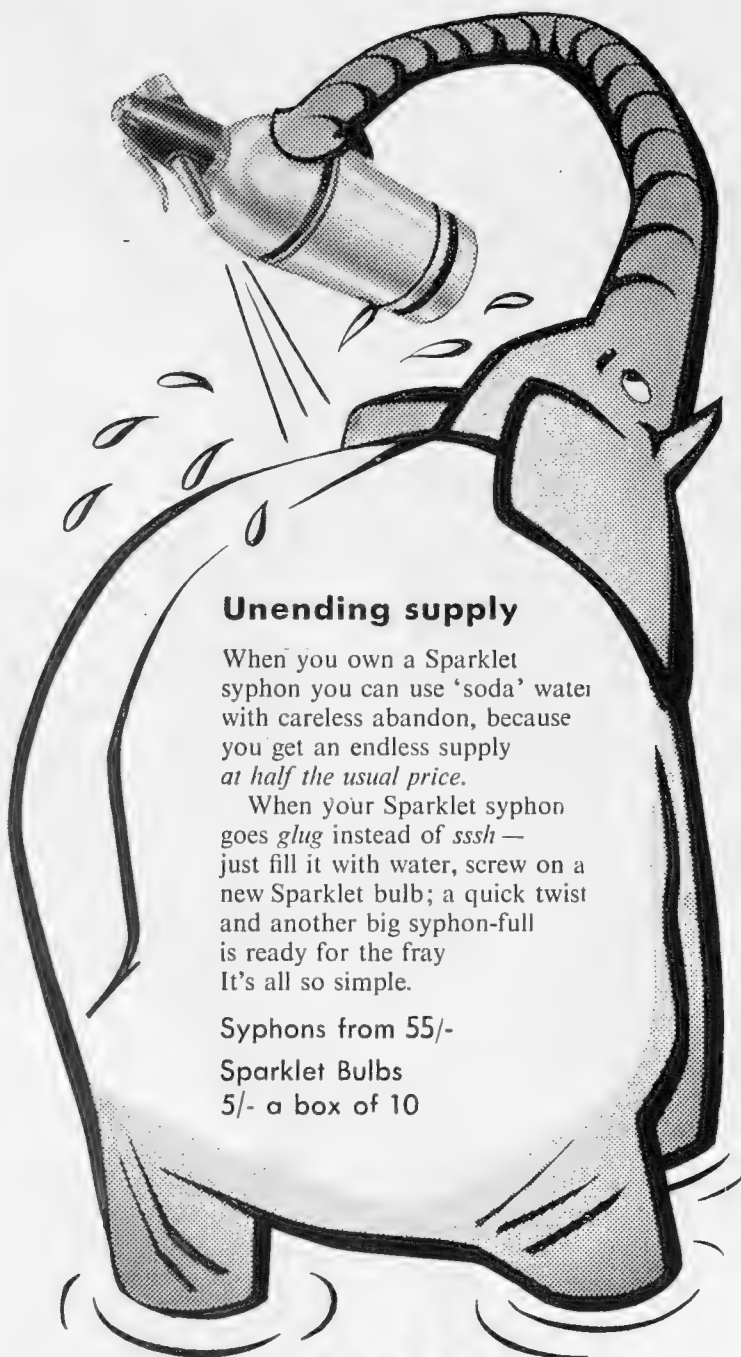
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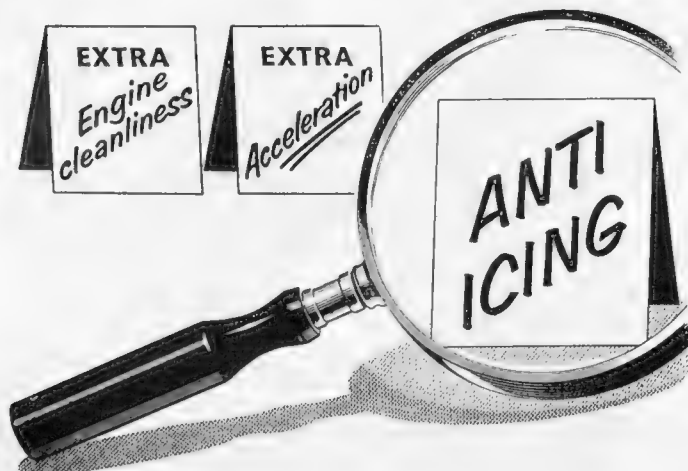




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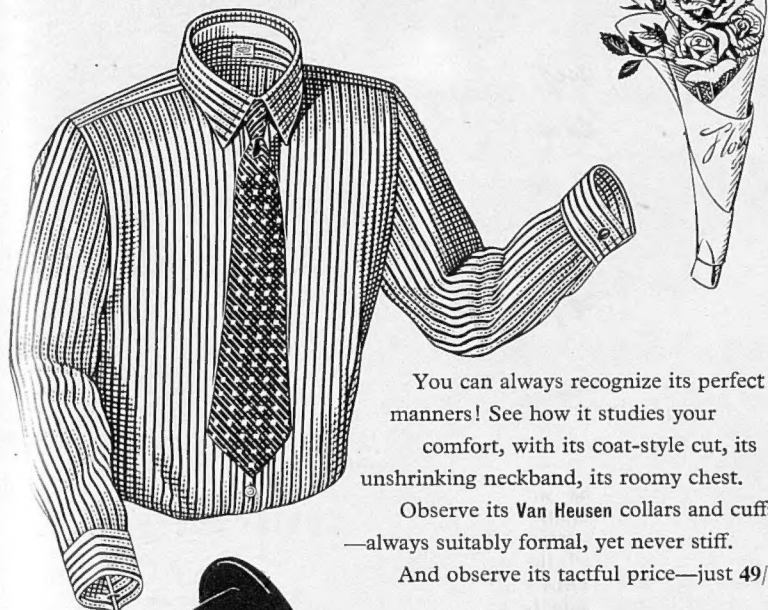
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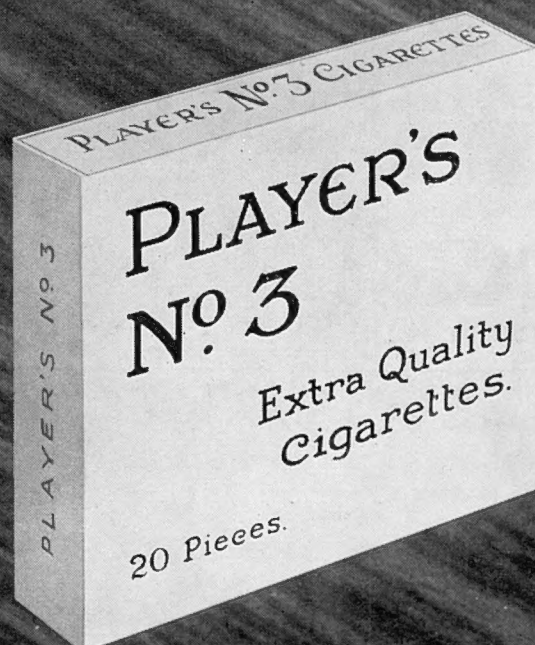
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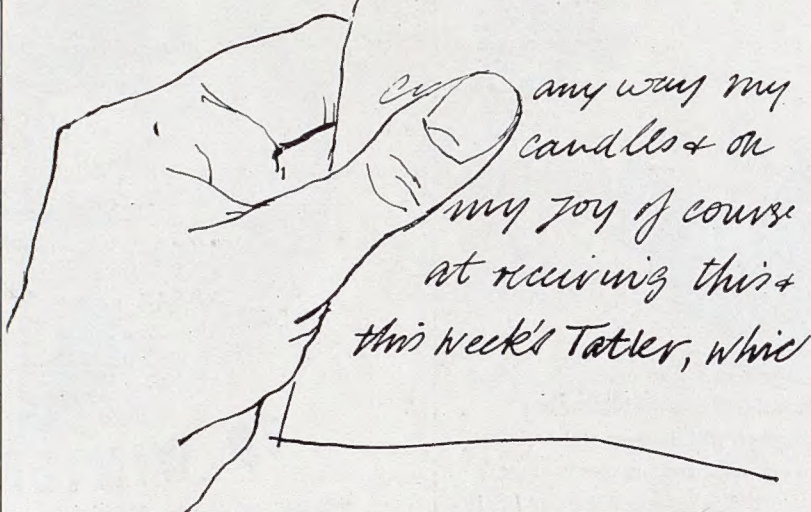
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